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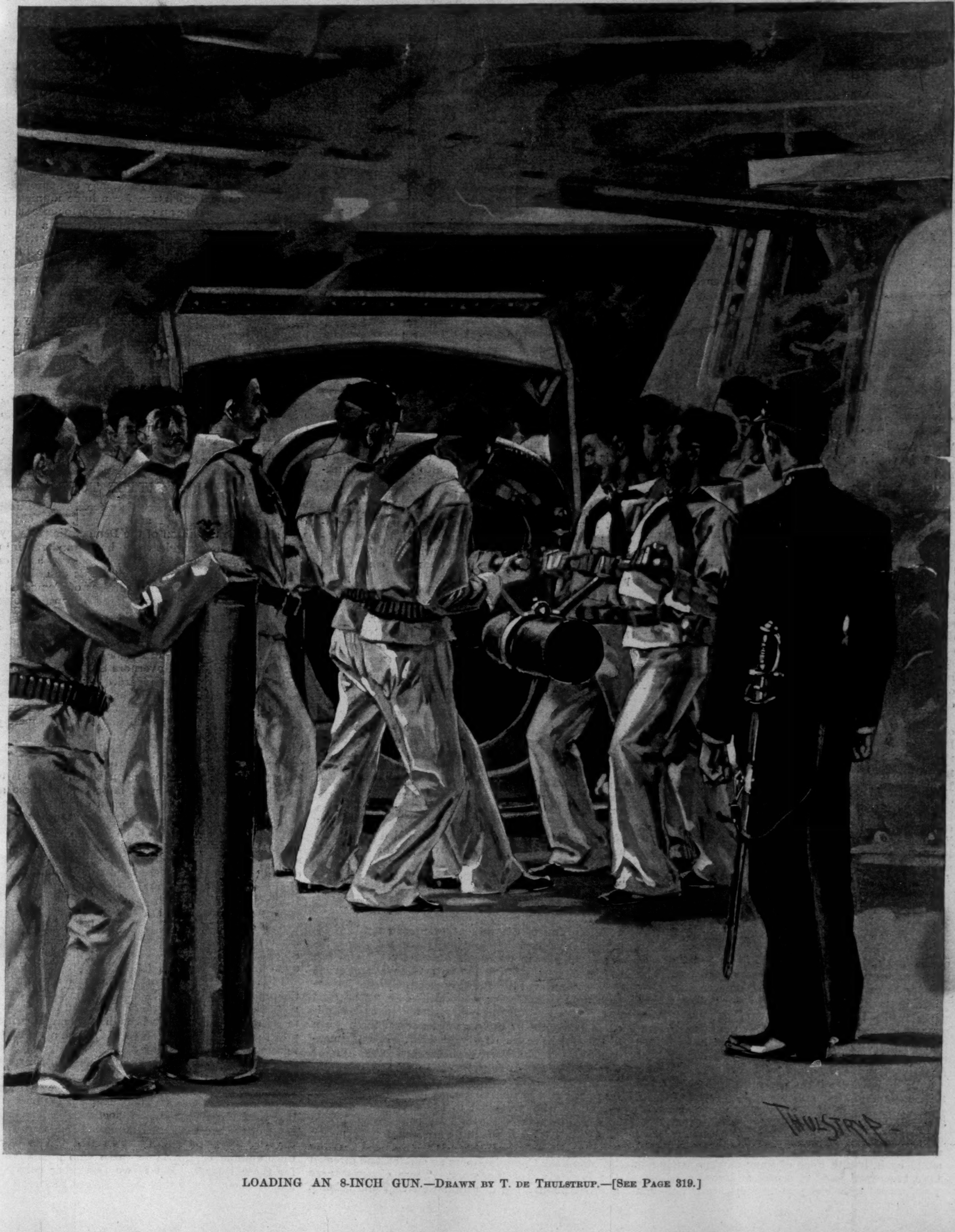

LOADING AN 8-INCH GUN.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 319.]

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THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW.

III.—AT A NEW MINING CAMP, CREEDE.

The third paper in the series entitled "The West from a Car Window," by RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, *will be published in the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

INDEPENDENCE "WITHIN PARTY RANKS."

IN the *New-Englander* for February Mr. LINTON SATTERTHWAIT says: "True independence in politics, as in all other relations of life, consists simply and solely in acting as one's honest judgment approves, uncontrolled by prejudice or passion. It may be found within or without party lines. It may be shown in the support of one's party ticket, in spite of the vehement deprecation of one's social and business friends, as well as in the bolting of the party nomination, in defiance of the bitter denunciation of one's party associates. No class of 'neutrals' have a monopoly of independence. In fact, one may be below the level of partisanship as well as above it. Always to be encouraged, independence in political action is vastly more useful to the public within party ranks than without them." But how, under the received usage, can there be independence of this kind "within party ranks"? That phrase means, of course, active participation in party councils, in the nomination of candidates, and what is called complete and "regular" fellowship. Any citizen, indeed, may declare at his pleasure that he is a Republican or a Democrat. He may bolt a candidate if he think him unfit, and urge others to bolt him. But how can he do it "within party ranks"? For instance, his honest judgment may require him, for satisfactory reasons, to vote for a Democratic President and at the same time for a Republican Governor or Republican local officers. Will the Republican party agree that he is within party ranks when he votes for a Democratic President, or the Democratic party when he votes for a Republican Governor?

If he would vote at a party primary, he must agree either that he voted for the party candidates at the last election or that he intends to vote for them at the next election, although they are not yet nominated. How is this consonant with independence? In the one case, if his honest judgment led him to oppose the party candidate, he is not admitted to the party primary, and is cast out of the party ranks because of his independence. In the other case he promises to vote for candidates yet to be nominated, whom his honest judgment may pronounce to be unfit, and whom his independence will constrain him to oppose. As a distinguished public man who had tried independence, and had found it not favorable to his political ambition, said to a friend who was trying it, "You cannot be always running in and out of your party." Independence "within party ranks" can go no farther than an effort to affect party action by discussion, and if overborne, then to support the measure or the candidate that the party approves. The independence of the anti-HILL Democrats in New York, if "vastly more useful to the public within party ranks than without them," as Mr. SATTERTHWAIT says, must be limited to a vigorous declaration that Mr. HILL's nomination would be injurious to the public welfare, and then, if he should be nominated, supporting him.

Independence "within party ranks" presupposes the assumption that one party, however managed, under whatever leadership, with whatever measures and candidates, is necessarily better than the other, and that if you cannot persuade it to advocate good measures and nominate good men, it is still wiser to stand by it, in the hope of some day converting it, than to support good measures and good candidates put forward by a bad party. But this is not independence; it is the most absolute party spirit. Its logic leads to voting for the devil if he be regularly nominated rather than to aid the defeat of the party. Independence "within party ranks" is a misnomer, because real independence may defeat the party. It always contemplates that possibility. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE in a party convention proclaimed the divine right of bolting. But of course he did it as a man and a citizen meaning to defeat the party if necessary, not as a partisan. If everybody within the party ranks exercises that right, the party disappears.

FREE SILVER.

ALTHOUGH the free silver coinage bill was not passed when its passage was expected, and the disaster is for a time postponed, there is no doubt of its final passage, nor of the disposition of the House. The important political fact is that the great majority of the Democratic Representatives are in favor of free silver coinage with all its consequences, and the triumphant passage of the bill at the end of the debate was prevented only by Republican action. When Mr. BLAND, the free silver leader, demanded the previous question on the passage of the bill, Mr. BURROWS moved to lay the bill on the table, and claimed precedence for his motion. The anti-silver Democrats and the free silver Democrats, who for party reasons wished to defer action until after the election, followed the Republican lead, and the motion was defeated only by the vote of the Speaker, which made a tie—148 to 148. A motion to reconsider this vote was carried, but motion to table was again lost. Mr. BLAND then tried to get a vote on the bill, but filibustering prevented, and the House at last adjourned. The result was a disappointment to the free silver men, and the Republican object was achieved, which was to show that they were the bulwark of a sound currency against a Democratic onslaught.

The city of New York is the great business centre of the country, and the sentiment of New York, as expressed in the action of the Chamber of Commerce, is strongly hostile to the free silver scheme. The city has many citizens of the highest ability and distinction, worthy representatives of its best character and traditions. Its chief orator in the House during this important financial debate was Mr. BOURKE COCKRAN, of Tammany Hall. The result of the debate does not change the actual situation. Mr. BLAND and Mr. COCKRAN are both Democrats, and they both remarked that upon this question Democratic opinion is divided, but that the party is united upon the question of tariff reform. It is also practically united, no doubt, in the view that public office is party spoil. But the remark is irrelevant to the question, What is the Democratic position upon the currency? If it has none, it has no opinion on one of the crucial public questions of the time. If it has an opinion, it is determined by the majority, and the postponement of the BLAND bill does not conceal its position.

If all positive action should be postponed until after the election, the situation would not be changed, except, perhaps, by the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND. He would not stand upon a free silver or an evasive financial platform, and his nomination would be the adoption of a candidate who, in the interest of public honesty, would veto the BLAND bill or any similar measure. His nomination would be the indefinite postponement of free silver coinage by the action of the party which is now supporting it. Mr. CLEVELAND represents the cause of an honest currency quite as much as that of tariff reform, and as there is no doubt of his political courage and fidelity, should he be nominated, he would be his own platform. This question becomes still more interesting now that the position of the national representatives of the Democratic party upon the free silver measure is indisputable. The large majority of such representatives cannot be called a faction, unless in the nominating Convention of the party a candidate known to be a resolute opponent of the measure, as Mr. CLEVELAND is, should be selected.

THE DANGER TO THE PARK.

THE action of the present extraordinary Legislature of New York has frequently aroused public indignation, but in no case more justly than in the proposed depredation upon Central Park. This act at once encountered the united opposition of the important and representative press of the city, and aroused so strong an intelligent public protest that the suspicions awakened by the circumstances of the passage of the bill have been fully justified. It was introduced by a Tammany Senator, and was hurried through the two Houses, in which the Tammany influence is supreme, and upon reaching the Executive Chamber was immediately signed by the Tammany Governor, who presented to the Tammany Senator who had introduced the bill the pen with which he had signed it, as if the bill conferred a great public benefit. Upon officially learning of the passage of the law, the Park Commissioners assembled and directed the beginning of the work. These circumstances showed plainly the determination that the scheme should be accomplished before the opposition could be heard, and the haste indicated the belief that there would be undoubtedly just such a powerful and strenuous opposition as appeared.

The scheme contemplates on the western side of the Park, from the entrance on Fifty-ninth Street to One-hundredth Street, a speedway for trotting horses; in other words, a race-course, which, of course, cannot be crossed by other roads, so that the entrances of the Park upon the Eighth Avenue side will be closed, and renewed by bridges or tunnels. The expense will be great, and for the sum essential to this invasion and part ruin of the Park the whole body of tax-payers will be taxed for the pleasure of the speeders of fast horses, while the main purpose of the Park, which is rural recreation and rest in the midst of the city, will be so far sacrificed to the establishment and rueful consequences of a race-course. Such a change, and for such a purpose, once effected in the Park, other changes for other purposes, as inconsistent with its character and purpose, would follow. It is plain that the great work, which is one of the chief ornaments and distinctions of the city, can be defended from ravages of every kind only by the incessant watchfulness and untiring activity of good citizens. Fortunately, the general indignation has had some effect upon the ringleaders of the scheme, and the Mayor cried a halt to permit a hearing of its opponents.

While this mischief is still pending, there is serious danger that one of the smaller popular pleasure-grounds in the city, Bryant Park, may be appropriated by the same Legislature for a huge municipal building. It would be an enormous job to place such a building in so grotesquely inconvenient a situation. How far this proposition is a mere "strike" does not appear. But the destruction of the little park would be a serious wrong to the people of the vicinity, and a precedent for similar ravages elsewhere. For all these things it will certainly not be forgotten that a Tammany Legislature is responsible. At present the Tammany influence is practically supreme in the Legislature, and, as the action of the late State Convention showed, in the State. Tammany Hall may be a mere conspiracy for public plunder, but the votes that gave to it its present power were mainly Democratic votes. The extraordinary record which the Democratic party has made this winter, and is now making in Congress and in the State of New York, will not be forgotten by independent voters when a choice is to be made between the parties.

MR. HILL'S LITTLE TOUR.

SENATOR HILL returned safely from his political campaign in Mississippi and Georgia. Its object was said to be the union of the Democratic party by the recall of the stragglers who have wandered into the Farmers' Alliance, and its method was a series of speeches which the Brooklyn *Eagle* describes as "some of the most cogent addresses of Democratic doctrine heard since SEYMOUR left the rostrum, JOHN VAN BUREN the stump, or SAMUEL J. TILDEN the council-chamber of politics." This is a strong vindication of the right of Mr. HILL to say "I am a Democrat." If, as an able expounder of Democratic doctrine, he is a worthy associate of Governors SEYMOUR and TILDEN, who are generally regarded by Democrats as their ablest party leaders in the State since MARTIN VAN BUREN, WILLIAM L. MARCY, and SILAS WRIGHT, Mr. HILL has been grossly misrepresented as merely a shrewd, untiring, and unscrupulous party boss.

A party, as a practical political agency, is to be judged by its position on actual questions which occupy the public mind, and upon which action is to be taken. One of the most important of these at present is the silver question, upon which the action of the Democratic party in Congress authorizing free coinage, according to the chief Democratic journal in the city of New York, would imperil Democratic success in the coming Presidential election; and according to an independent journal which would gladly support a Democratic candidate if possible, such action would decide the fate of the Democratic party for a score of years. This is a question upon which at this moment it would be interesting to know the views of a Democratic leader who is to be ranked with Mr. SEYMOUR and Mr. TILDEN. But upon this question Mr. HILL was silent.

In fact, to any observer who is aware of the situation, and not unmindful of the political career and methods of Mr. HILL, his little Southern tour seemed to be really less concerned with Democratic principles than candidates. There is, indeed, a universal misconception of his tour and his speeches if they were not designed to promote his chances for nomination for the Presidency, and if their effect upon a journal like the Brooklyn *Eagle* is a measure of their effect upon Southern Democrats, he has undoubtedly increased those chances. A leader who has made some of the most cogent Democratic addresses since those of SEYMOUR and TILDEN ought not to be an unacceptable candidate to those who gladly voted for those leaders. But if we remember correctly, among the qualities that made Messrs. SEYMOUR and

TILDEN party leaders were the disposition and the ability to lead their party by a timely and unmistakable exposition of the Democratic position upon every vital pending question.

THE ARREST OF MR. GODKIN.

IF we remember correctly, Mr. CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD, during the municipal campaign against Tammany, said substantially in a public speech that such an organization tended naturally to courses which it was better to resist in time by the ballot than await the necessity of resort to severer methods. There was, indeed, a time during the TWEED control of Tammany when a peaceful and legal overthrow of its power seemed to be most improbable. It is unfortunate that Mr. FAIRCHILD's wise words were not recalled when the Tammany issue was fairly raised during the campaign of last autumn, which resulted in immensely strengthening the power of Tammany by the apparent approval of a very large popular vote.

One of the most startling signs of the renewed audacity of Tammany is the arrest of Mr. GODKIN, editor of the *Evening Post*, on the complaint of DENNIS W. O'HALLORAN, the Secretary of the Grand Jury that recently censured Dr. PARKHURST, O'HALLORAN complaining that he had been described in the *Evening Post* as at one time the keeper of a low dive. The Grand Jury is a part of the Tammany machinery, and the warrant was issued by one Tammany justice at the instance of another, and the circumstances of the arrest were evidently designed to be as disagreeable as possible. The proceeding was a recurrence to the methods of the old TWEED ring. It foreshows the terror by which Tammany, as its power increases, will attempt as before to muzzle the press. It is, in fact, an attack upon the freedom of the press, which is the only effective barrier of this community against its complete subjugation by the banded robbers who control Tammany Hall.

The arrest of the editor of a paper which describes as the keeper of a "low dive" a man who does not deny that he kept a dive, and the attempt to arrest him at a time when it might be difficult at once to obtain bail, is but a threat. It is intended as a warning to newspapers to beware how they comment upon the action of Tammany and its minions. It is an attempt of a wholly unprincipled and powerful organization to terrorize the community. Such an incident as this arrest is a distinct challenge to the decent citizens of New York which they ought not to disregard. No reputable citizen can hereafter sustain Tammany Hall under the pretence of aiding something else, or preserving the prestige of a party, and honest Republicans ought to remember that the Tammany power is largely due to Republicans who, for party ends, divide the opposition to the power of Tammany by raising the party question. After the experience of many years there can be no municipal politics in New York but the question of the power of Tammany until that power, as a perpetual menace not only to honest government, but to a free press and the other guarantees of liberty, is destroyed.

SENATOR MILLS.

MR. MILLS has been elected Senator from Texas. He is one of the most conspicuous of Democratic leaders, and therefore the following tribute to him from the Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune* may be regarded as wholly unprejudiced:

> "As soon as the despatch had been read, Colonel MILLS was surrounded by his friends—among whom were many Republicans—and some time was spent in violent hand-shaking and in glad congratulations. The Democrats who stood by MILLS in the Speakership tussle were especially demonstrative—in fact, overjoyed by the triumph of their favorite. Colonel MILLS has many warm personal friends and no enemies on the Republican side of the House, where the sincerity of his convictions is questioned by nobody, and his courage and frankness are admired by everybody. In all the years that Colonel MILLS has served as a member of the House of Representatives no breath of suspicion has ever dimmed his reputation for integrity or honesty of purpose. His impulsive temper has sometimes carried him to a length which he has as often regretted, and no man has been quicker than he to make proper amends."

The Senate and the country are to be congratulated upon the election of so able and upright a Senator.

THE REPORT UPON JUDGE MAYNARD.

THE report of the Bar Association of New York recommending to the Legislature to consider whether Judge MAYNARD of the Court of Appeals should not be removed, is a verdict against him of the leaders of his own profession in the city of New York. The recommendation was ratified with virtual unanimity by the association. As the offence upon which this solemn judgment was rendered was political and for the benefit of a party, it is the more impressive that the committee which unanimously made the report was composed of seven members of the party to which Judge MAYNARD is attached, and two of the opposing party, and that the majority of the Bar Association is of the same party with the judge.

The action of the association is also an arraignment of Senator HILL, who devised the general scheme to which Judge MAYNARD lent himself; and of Governor FLOWER, who, upon the success of the plot largely through Judge MAYNARD's agency, immediately conferred upon him one of the very highest judicial honors of the State. This was a prostitution of Executive power which cannot be forgotten, and which is but one of a series which have signalized within the short space of three months the administration of the Governor.

The offence of which Judge MAYNARD is adjudged guilty by his peers in his profession is, as they truly say, one of the gravest known to the law, and, as they show, it was a wrong deliberately done. It was a blow at the foundation of popular government, because its object was to nullify the popular will, and to seat in the Legislature a man who had not been elected. That the Senate which confirmed the offender will condemn itself by voting for his removal is not to be supposed. But the action of the Bar Association morally disqualifies Judge MAYNARD for the seat he occupies, because its temperate and relentlessly definite statements and conclusions will stand as the judgment of the intelligent and honest people of New York, although the Legislature may decline to adopt the recommendation of removal.

THE RETURN OF OUR MINISTER TO FRANCE.

MR. WHITELAW REID, who is about returning from France to resume the editorship of the *Tribune*, receives a very hearty welcome from his esteemed contemporaries. It is an honor well deserved, because he has discharged his official duties not only with ability and success, but with an urbanity and a lavish hospitality that have given him and Mrs. REID a social distinction, which is one of the most useful auxiliaries to a diplomatist. He has undoubtedly also acquired a detailed familiarity with French politics and the European situation, which will be of great service in the discussions of the *Tribune*. Mr. REID's residence in Paris must have been an exceedingly agreeable episode in his life, and have greatly refreshed him for the courteous controversies of domestic politics, to which, in common with his other brethren of the press, we welcome him cordially.

A PROTEST TO BE HEEDED.

THERE is no citizen of New York who speaks with more authority upon the wise treatment of the insane than Mr. WILLIAM P. LETCHWORTH, the late president of the State Board of Charities, whose work upon the subject is full of valuable information from every source. Mr. LETCHWORTH protests very strongly against a bill which has been introduced into the Legislature providing for the occupation of the old asylum for the criminal insane at Auburn as a State hospital for the non-criminal insane.

In an instructive memorial to the Legislature, Mr. LETCHWORTH recounts in detail the story of the care of the criminal insane in this State, and sets forth the dangerous character of insane criminals. But insanity not being a crime, its victims should be treated as patients, not as criminals, and the State Commissioner of Lunacy, Professor ORDRONAUX, in various reports shows the unfitness of the building at Auburn for the purposes to which it was devoted. His successor and the head of the Auburn asylum confirmed his view, the proximity to a large prison as a part of it being a very serious hindrance to the improvement of the patients.

A new building for the purpose has now been provided at Matteawan, and the bill proposes that the old hospital, which was unfit for those who are classed as criminal insane, shall be now used as a general asylum. A more thoughtless proposition could not be made. Mr. LETCHWORTH says:

> "Closely connected with, and forming apparently a part of the State-prison, structurally designed at the outset as a prison for the confinement of the most dangerous class of insane criminals, and occupied for many years by convicts, closely surrounded by a high stone wall, with restricted grounds for recreation and employment, in the near neighborhood of manufacturing establishments and railways with their unceasing and disturbing noises, these buildings, with their forbidding associations, seem in every way unsuited to the hospital treatment of mental diseases, especially of the sex claiming our strongest sympathy and first consideration. The forced committal to this place of a person occupying a respectable position in society, particularly one having an acutely sensitive and diseased brain filled with shadows and delusions, cannot but have an injurious effect."

Mr. LETCHWORTH's appeal should be conclusive.

THE CASE OF THE SOUTHERN UTES.

THERE is nothing more flagrant in the administration of our public affairs, and nothing more discreditable to the American name, than the manner in which we practically break faith with the Indians. This is the more discreditable because they are few and helpless. It is by its conduct toward those who cannot help themselves that a nation, like a man, is judged; and while much is constantly said about the treachery of the Indians, it is a fair question whether our own bad faith is not quite as worthy of attention. There have been constant Indian outbreaks and massacres and troubles. But the stand of a half-million or less of them against the encroachments of sixty millions of civilized white people, who in treating the Indians belie their civilization, is a spectacle of pathetic heroism.

Another of these perpetual wrongs upon the Indians is now proposed in the Senate by the bill providing for the removal of the Southern Utes from their fertile reservation in Colorado to a mountainous, largely sterile, and inaccessible tract in Utah. Our Indian policy has been distinctly declared, and this removal violates it. It is Congress, indeed, that makes the policy, and it will be Congress that in this instance will unmake it. But Congress cannot unmake the public approval of the policy, nor escape the public censure of its violation. That policy is the civilization of the Indians, and, as a primary step, their settlement on land in severalty. But to force the Utes from their present home is to take them from the opportunity and means of civilization, and surround them with every temptation to savagery. The careful scrutiny of the Indian Rights Association, which is a wholly disinterested observation, shows that the nature of the proposed lands absolutely prohibits settlement in severalty.

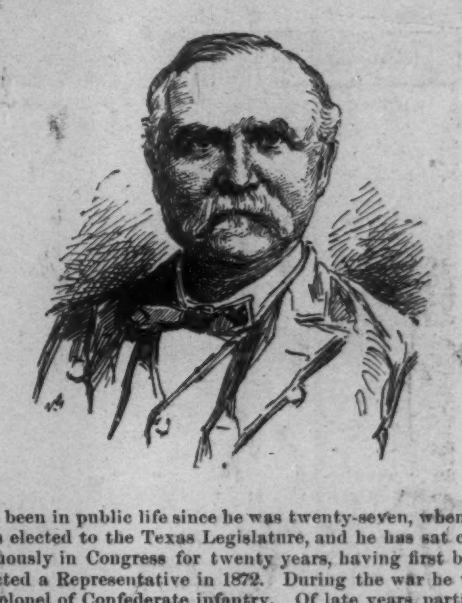
This is the conclusive reason against the removal. It subverts a wise policy adopted after long and careful deliberation, and frustrates in this instance the civilization of the Utes. The scheme involves the expense of a new military post, and prefers the interests of a few persons to those of the whole body of the tax-paying people and of our well-matured policy. The question is not whether a few "lazy and good-for-nothing Indians" are to be permitted to obstruct the advance of civilization, but whether we are to respect our own good faith, and to permit our course on a great public question to be determined by what often proves to be the demand of a few speculators. If, for instance, we are to dislodge Indians from lands which we have assigned to them, and on which they are living peaceably, because some railroad company desires the land, why not abandon our declared intention, make that our declared policy with all Indians, and adhere to it?

PERSONAL.

A VISITOR to Hawarden describes a charming little scene in Mr. GLADSTONE's drawing-room, where the Grand Old Man waltzed about the room with his two-year-old granddaughter, little Miss DREW, while Mrs. GLADSTONE played a lively tune on the piano. Mr. GLADSTONE danced with great energy and sprightliness, it is said, and pirouetted in the old-fashioned way that was familiar to him more than half a century ago, showing no weariness, though himself eighty years older than his diminutive partner.

—The log cabin, which since the days of Tippecanoe has lent an element of picturesqueness to nearly every Presidential campaign, will not be entirely lacking in the next national party contest if General RUSSELL A. ALGER sees fit to enter the canvass, for his humble boyhood home of rough-hewn logs is said to be still standing, in speaking contrast to his present palatial residence. Some of the men prominently mentioned for the Presidency occupy very modest houses. That of Governor BOIES, at Waterloo, Iowa, is an unpretentious two-story frame dwelling, and General PALMER's house at Springfield is a small cottage a story and a half high, but built in three parts, as if additions had been made to the house as originally constructed.

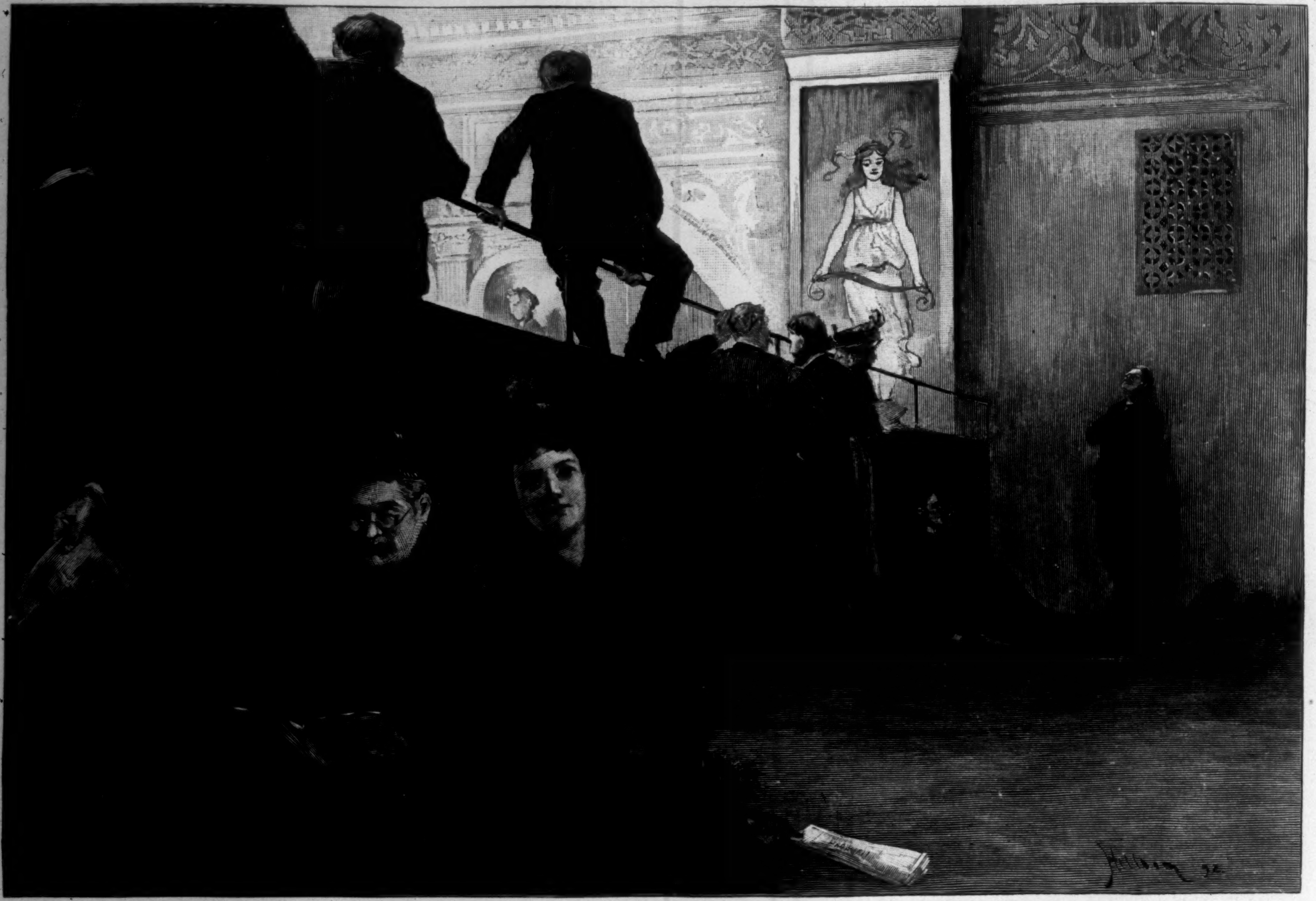
—The election of ROGER Q. MILLS, of Texas, to fill Mr. REAGAN's unexpired Senatorial term will strengthen perceptibly the notably strong array of legislative ability now on the Democratic side of the Senate Chamber. Mr. MILLS is just sixty years old, and is a Kentuckian by birth, though he has lived in Texas from the time of his boyhood. He has been in public life since he was twenty-seven, when he was elected to the Texas Legislature, and he has sat continuously in Congress for twenty years, having first been elected a Representative in 1872. During the war he was a Colonel of Confederate infantry. Of late years, particularly as the champion of tariff reform in the Fiftieth Congress, Mr. MILLS has been one of the most conspicuous of party leaders.



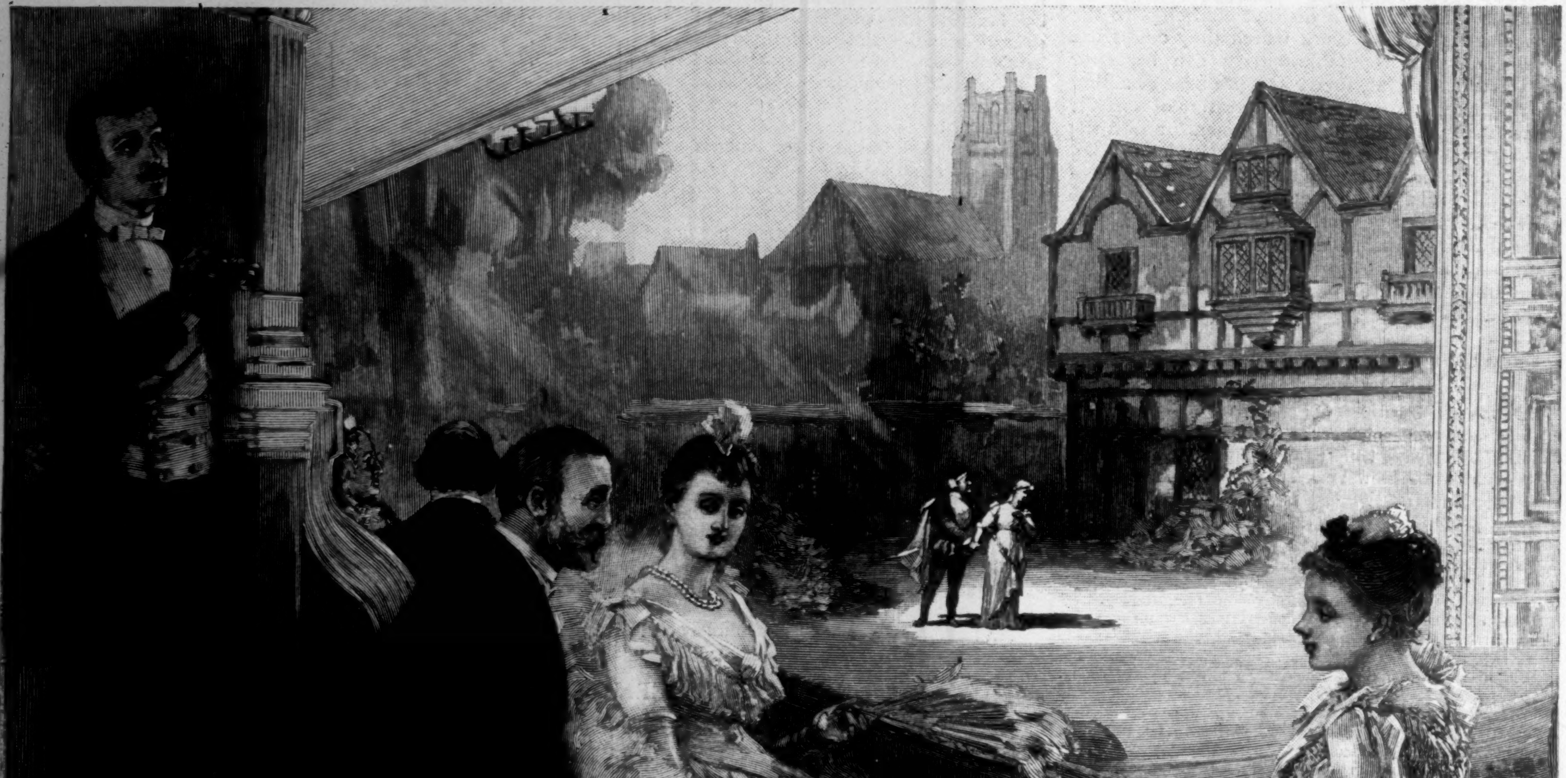
—An anecdote of M. CAVAIGNAC, the new French Minister of Marine, illustrates the pride of birth and the exalted notions of patriotism that have always characterized him. As a student at the Lycée Charlemagne he won a first prize, but when the ceremony of the presentation of diplomas took place he refused, with a gesture of disdain, to receive the medal awarded him, because it was tendered by the Prince Imperial, the son of his father's and the republic's old enemy and antagonist, NAPOLEON III. Young CAVAIGNAC was then only fourteen years of age, and he is now, at thirty-eight, one of the youngest ministers that ever sat in a French cabinet.

—Secretary TRACY's father was a farmer and a lumberman, and on the ancestral farm near Owego, New York, there is a tough old fence of pine-tree stumps in which some of the future cabinet officer's handiwork may be seen. In the early days of his youth he became expert at cutting down the tall pines that then grew thickly around his home, and floating them down the Susquehanna, and to that life of out-door labor the fine physique for which the Secretary is noted is doubtless in great part due.

—Senator PALMER, of Illinois, who confesses that he has chewed tobacco since he was a boy, tells an interviewer that he has never had a dentist care for his teeth, though they are still in an excellent state of preservation. This is an interesting confirmation of the theory advanced by modern dentists that tobacco is unsurpassed as a dental antiseptic, and that the user of the weed, whether he chews or smokes it, has less occasion to have his teeth attended to than the grown-up Robby Reeds who scorn it.

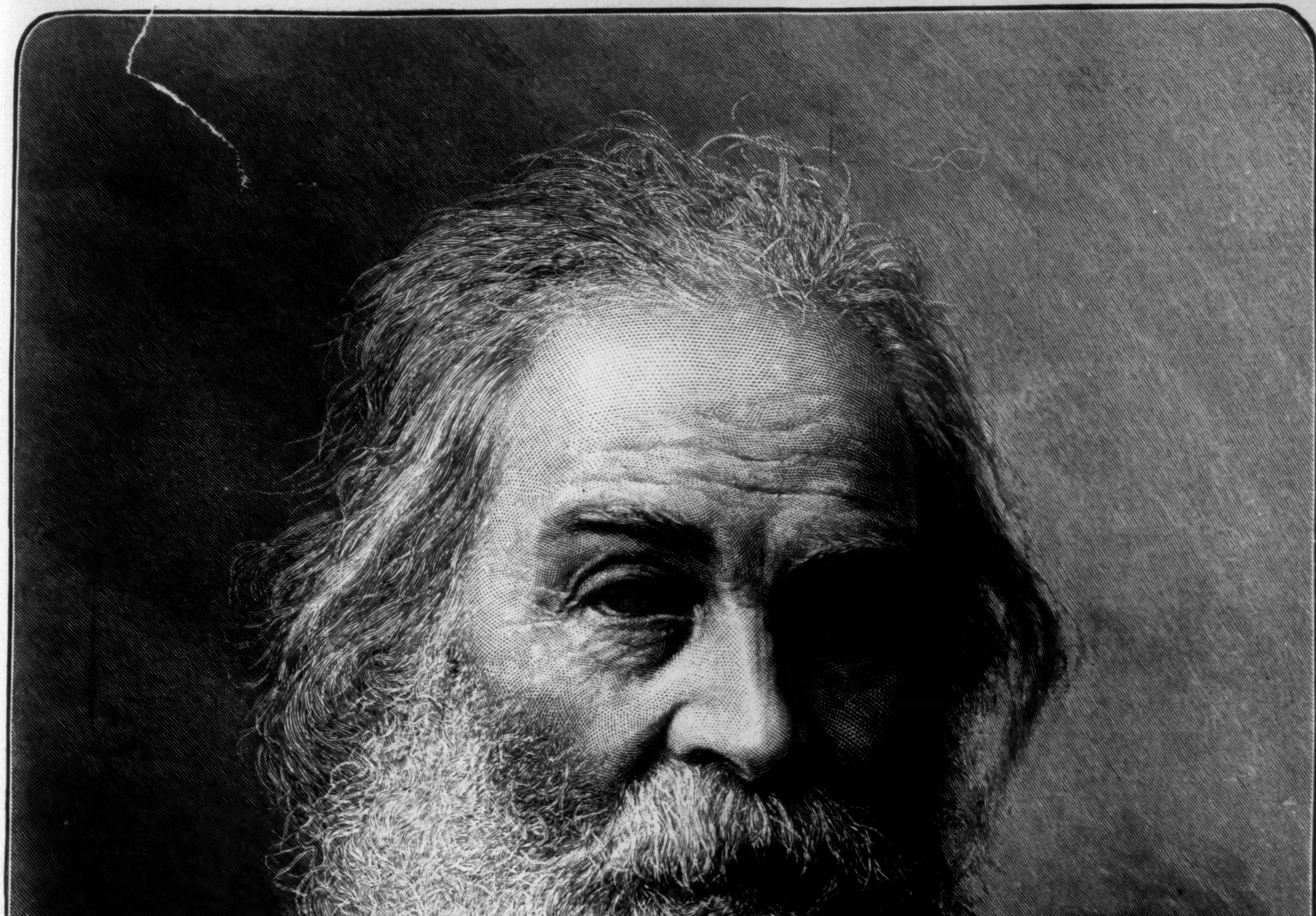


THE LISTENING GALLERY.—Drawn by Henrik Hillbom.



THE TALKING BOXES.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.

"FAUST" AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY.—[See Page 330.]



THE LATE WALT WHITMAN.

WALT WHITMAN.

When Wordsworth left the bedside of the dying Sir Walter and passed sorrowfully down Tweedside before starting for Rydal Mount, he thought that "a trouble not of clouds nor weeping rain" engendered hung o'er all the landscape. And he said, in one of the most mellifluously tender of his sonnets, that "spirits of power assembled there complain for kindred power departing from their sight."

So now, whether the judgment of the critical public on the life-work of the poet just dead be as warm in its praise as that of the robust-minded men who made up the devoted band of his friends and admirers, or as cruel as that of the Massachusetts attorney-general who suppressed his "Leaves of Grass," it must be far more true of him than of Scott, who was the poet more of the forces in animate life than the dumb but mighty forces of nature, that "spirits of power assembled there complain for kindred power departing from their sight." Not the spirits of men or power about his peaceful home on the placid Delaware, but the vaster spirits of the raging seas of wave-swept Barnegat, the spirits that make an awful anthem-choiring throng of the giant pines of California woods.

There never will be any question as to the nearness of Walt Whitman's habitat to nature's heart. The only question will be as to whether his contempt for the arts of poetry has not deprived him of the power of leading others as close to nature's shrine as he always dwelt. Some one once said of him, not unkindly, though perhaps misled by the vice of phrase-making, "He has as much poetry in his work as a summer morning," meaning thereby an unexpressed, intangible wealth of poetry.

Probably few New-Yorkers know that he who, abroad at least, has been accepted as the one great true American poet, the long-waited voice of the new teeming forces of the great North American continent, was of them. New York has no time to do honor to her great men even if she considers them great, which in Walt Whitman's case is not at all a certainty. Yet he may be said to have been born in New York's side yard—namely, on Long Island—near enough to be a Brooklyn and New York school-boy. The day of his birth was May 31, 1819.

It is illustrative of the strong impression that great things had on his mind that more than threescore years after he, at the age of five, witnessed it, he stood, a very Merlin in looks, with his snow-white hair and beard, upon a rostrum, and described with that wonderful eloquence of face suggestion, more potent than the most elaborate of phrase-building, his impressions upon the visit of La Fayette to New York city in 1824.

Like many an American genius of a different mould and power from his, he was apprenticed to the printer's case, and made his first excursion into literature as editor of a country weekly in the village of Huntington, Long Island.

But the passion of Americanism which dominated to the last soon roused within him. He must see more of the country which he so fondly, so fiercely, loved. He must know his land from centre to circumference, commune closely with all her forces and tendencies. So his passion sent him wandering into the West, following afoot the courses of the mighty rivers of that vast land, pondering deeply ever upon his mighty theme—the greatness of the continent and its people—their future scope, their tremendous possibilities.

This was in 1847, when he was twenty-eight years old. In the winning of the West the press had followed the rifle and the axe, and it is probable that he supported himself on his long journey to New Orleans by work "at the case." Doubtless he was known in all the small towns of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys as a "tramp printer."

Very cautiously did he commit himself to print. In his strange, thoughtful wanderings, not unlike a New World Buddha in his deep contemplation of affairs about him, he spent eight years before he put a thin volume through the press. It was called "Leaves of Grass," the title which he manfully maintained to the end for the principal volume of his poetic works. The edition published in 1855 was followed by another in 1857, a third in 1861. They just about paid the cost of printing, but did not even attain the notoriety which their bald treatment of certain delicate subjects afterward visited upon them.

Then came the war, and Whitman went to the front as a hospital nurse, having been called there first to tend a brother's wound, to observe his beloved American people—the people whom he "did not think realized its unparalleled virtues"—in action.

The experience was a fruitful one. It may perhaps be called epochal. For there can never be any doubt or controversy as to the quality of Whitman's war poems. They, expressed in "Captain, my Captain," which he used to read at the end of his lecture—itself a marvellous prose poem—on the death of Abraham Lincoln, and "The Drum," preserve the voice of the people at the time as absolutely as the electrical contrivances of the day preserve the voices of singers and orators for the delight of unborn auditors. They were not the least of the great public services of the war, and the reward of the servitor was to be kicked out of his little place in the Attorney-General's office when paralysis seized him in 1872, and then denied a pension.

Then, four years later, came his English experience, which would have turned the head of most poets, but doubtless never increased the beat of Whitman's warm, full, kindly pulse by a fraction of a second. Almost the first that was known in this country of Whitman's presence in London was a printed "cablegram" containing these indignant words of Robert Buchanan's. After suggesting that a committee be formed to solicit subscriptions to buy the whole English edition of the poet's works, a matter of 500 copies, the angry Scotchman went on: "If the number can be increased to 1000, so much the better for the poet; so much more honor for England; so much more shame to the literary coteries which emasculate America."

Tennyson, Dowden, and Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton) led the list of subscribers. The status of the poet in the highest court of poetic appeal was established.

It was a great acknowledgment that the humble stranger received—a thing of which every American should be both proud and ashamed. Yet it is easy to overrate the value of the English estimate of Whitman's work. For years all literary England had had "its ear on the ground," so to speak, to hear the true American note. It thought it heard fantasias upon it in Artemus Ward and Mark Twain. It welcomed its falsetto, as it were, in Joaquin Miller. It demanded something from the New World which should possess none of "the aroma of lawn and library" with which, as Mr. James so justly has observed, Tennyson's work is so interpenetrated. "Leave these bookish and artistic things, these Old World legends and romances, to us," it seemed to say. "Do you sing of your forests and prairies and rivers, and the new, untutored, impetuous, masterful race which populates their shades, their expanses, their banks."

In fact literary England, which seldom goes abroad, had created an ideal America of its own, and Whitman's work in the very savagery of its form or formlessness seemed to be its voice. The English verdict, however, had great weight on this side, as English verdicts always have. It may be said that Whitman was never generally recognized, despite Emerson's judgment of "incomparable things incomparably said," on this side of the water until the English pronouncement was made.

In 1881, when the next edition of "Leaves of Grass" was issued, the welkin rang with the shouts of the combatants who waged war over the "propriety" of the publication. Propriety is the right word. There never was any question as to the morality of his work. One of his most devoted friends once said of him in conversation, "He utterly lacks the sense of reticence." There is nothing, in fact, which Whitman believed might better be left untold. Some one else has said, with more of detail as to the "objectionable" portions of "Leaves of Grass," "He believes that paternity is as noble and holy a thing as maternity, and therefore as worthy of literary treatment."

Meantime, and since then for ten years, the poet has passed a serene old age in his little house in Mickle Street, Camden, only emerging into public view on the few occasions when his ever-increasing host of friends (Philadelphians, most of them, though Colonel Ingersoll came at times from New York to do him honor, and Sir Edwin Arnold sat at the feet of a man whom he undoubtedly believed a greater poet than himself on both his American journeys) would coax him forth to deliver his lecture on Lincoln.

On all who visited him, except those who came to tell him of some malevolent attack like that of Swinburne, he dropped the golden ointment of his thought. In one of those pregnant, kindly talks of his, which was printed, he said, after deprecating the tendency among the modern American school to the *outré:* "Again I would say to the young writer, do not use evil for its own sake. Do not let evil overshadow your books; make it a foil, as Shakespeare did."

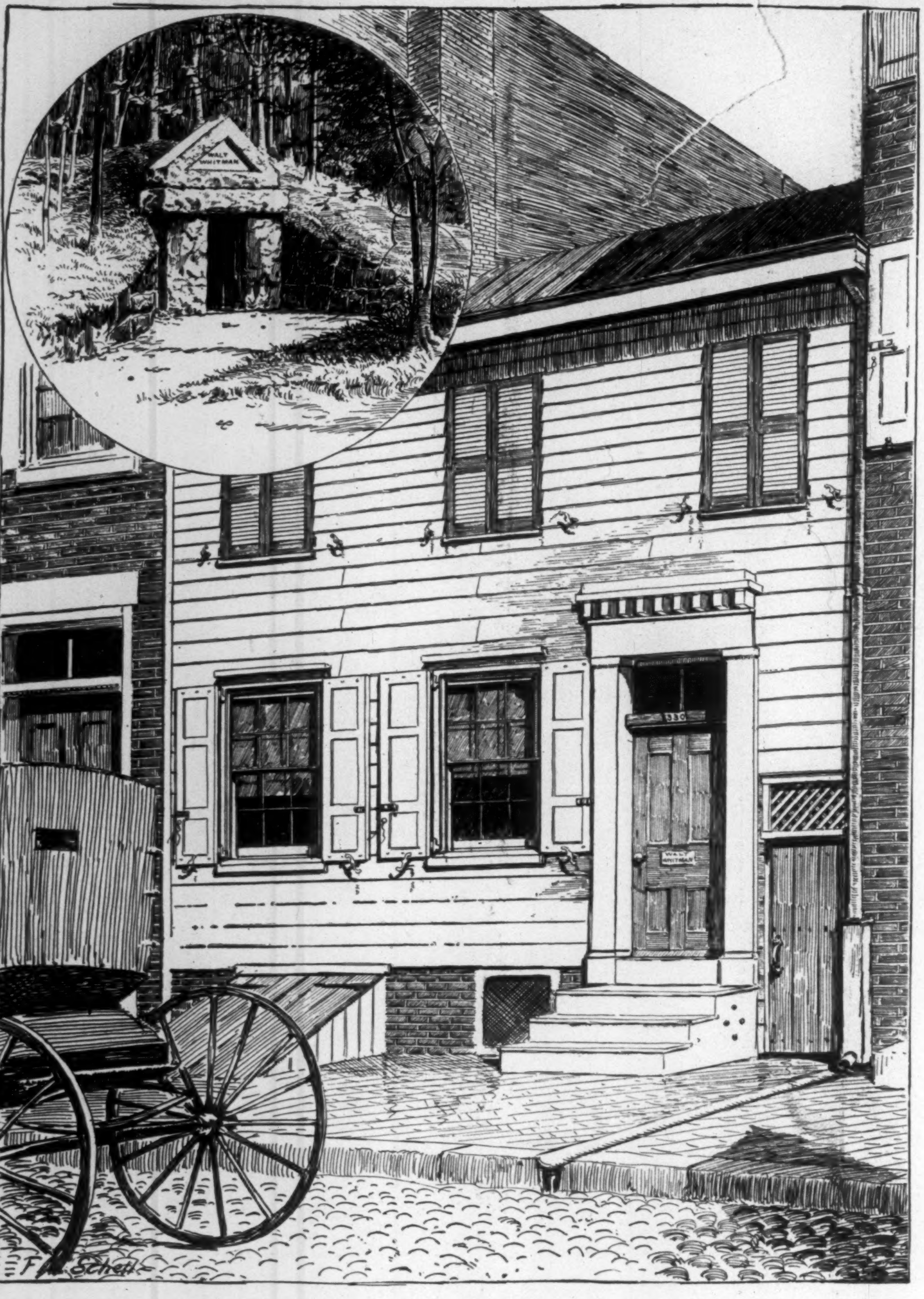
And one of his last messages to the world was, "I want to stamp a greater hope and faith—an optimism—on the age."

Nothing—not poverty, nor neglect, nor abuse—could sour the sweet old spirit which every true American may hope, whatever his ideas on poetic "propriety," may be somewhere in our time and land reincarnate. He leaves no son to inherit his genius, having lived and died a bachelor. Perhaps the secret of the lack of his popularity was that he never appealed to women, the literary arbiters of the age.

A. E. WATROUS.

WALT WHITMAN'S WAY.

MUCH pother has there been over what is called "the idiosyncrasies of men of genius," meaning their working processes, and the subject suffers from the misconceptions or exaggerations of those describing them. Some of the great, who, writing to-day, hope to be remembered to-morrow, have told me that, curious themselves, they had looked into the working methods of their peers, and had come to the conclusion that though mental processes vary in kind, the main bent of the brain in the collecting of the material, in the kneading, shaping, baking of it, was about the same, or, as one man expressed it, "the technique is identical."



THE WHITMAN HOUSE AND TOMB.—DRAWN BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.

The House in Mickle Street, Camden, New Jersey. The Tomb, at Harleigh Cemetery, Outskirts of Camden.

I recall the fictile figure of speech particularly because a master once made use of it in reply to a question. Amazed at the rapidity with which Alexandre Dumas the elder produced page after page of manuscript, and dropped them on the floor of his study, I expressed wonder. The great maker of modern fiction was a thoroughly all-around man, the next best equipped perhaps after Balzac, and he gave me glibly the potter's whole process. "He had found the clay years on years ago. He had let it temper, sure to use it some day. His store of selected earth existed everywhere. One day he set his wheel agoing, that was all, and he put it into shape—only that—and it passed through the kiln, and out it came, all hot, in the form of little pots." I remember his conclusion: "My wares are good. There is a fair market demand for them. If you tap them with your finger, they give out a ring—no splits; but, my dear young man, you and the public only see the end of the work, and yet I am always beginning. There is one difference between Alexandre Dumas and the potter, and it is to the advantage of the village Palissy—his jugs are the more lasting, for he has the chance to anneal them."

There was Sheridan. He collected scrap by scrap his own bright quips, "à propos de bottes," and at the same time took to himself many smart phrasings others had made. He kept a stock of brilliants, and when the time came he strung them as a necklace around English comedy. The extemporaneous is absurd, for it resolves itself into what is automatical. Divine afflatus has a fine sound, but it is a fitful wind, and rarely blows. It may come once in a while when all the sails are set and the ship properly trimmed, the ballast, the cargo, all on board; but that cargo must have been first carted to the wharf, then stowed methodically bale by bale, package by package, under hatches.

"Take," said a strong English writer to me, "George Eliot cramming herself in Florence, Pisa, Rome, with all the stuff for her *Romola*. In time, when her ladyship was full, away she went. Divine afflatus! Fiddlesticks. Take Anthony Trollope, sitting down so many hours a day, with so many sheets of paper before him, with precisely so many lines on it, and working away, and finishing the last paragraph within a second of the time proposed by him. That is the true inspiration. The real thing, the breath of genius, is not to spurt. Your best things never do exactly come to you all of a sudden. Mine do not. I have thought them—may I say painfully—long before. Where real talent comes is in the knack of insertion. Charles Reade was head and shoulders above most men, and great because he was such an everlasting and philosophical collector. He did not trust to his memory. It was a pair of scissors, a gum pot, and a complete index."

It is habit, practice, a trained nervous power, which fires the collected coal under the boiler and produces the steam, and it's a precious automatic safety lever which keeps the pressure under exact control. Is there method in poetry-making? I doubt much whether good verse ever did come smooth, perfect, at the first jet. The best of poets never is satisfied, and will twist, bend, snap, and buck his lines over and over again, as an armorer does a sword in order to test its temper. Behind the scenes of the poet but few are admitted, nor are we to be told how the muse has her bodice laced, her skirt lengthened or shortened, her shapely feet fitted to proper sandals, her lovely locks curled or braided.

Master Petrarch worked from September to February on one sonnet, and then said, "This is not well; we will look at it again." There was that early Arabian poet Alfarazdac, who insisted not only on the element of time as a necessity, but also that he should be in the humor. So he said, "Sometimes an hour comes to me when I would rather have a tooth pulled out than make a verse." The probability is that this poet really did make good verse, but was more esteemed by the public than by his publishers. Fancy Grubb Street prodding Lord Tennyson for copy, or somebody hustling Carlyle for a thousand or so more words!

I was somewhat curious to know what were Walt Whitman's methods of composition. Here is a man whose verse pulsates with strong life. "Hammers roll" in his lines. The verse tears along at times with erosive power. It cuts a channel in the mind. Must there not have been, long before, accumulation of snow on mountain heads, with glacier formations, and then slow down-coming, but with bowlder grindings and trituration of small things, and then the flash of the sweeping torrent? Rapid he may have been in the conclusion, but ever so slow during the formative period.

Mr. Harrison S. Morris, of Philadelphia, says, in regard to Walt Whitman's ways of writing:

"I do not think Walt was ever rapid in composition. I have seen some of the manuscripts of his earlier poems, 'Passage to India,' and they were masses of all sorts of paper, stitched together through the centre, and including every line of the composition from its 'spinal idea,' as he called it, on the edge of a newspaper, to the final revise proof. A great thick mass, with correction over correction and sheet after sheet of entangled writing. He once told me his method of composition was to get 'a spinal idea' and put it briefly down, then slip it into an envelope in his pocket. Another kindred idea would come, and it would go into the same place, and so on, until he had a sufficient bulk to form a poem.

"I asked Walt Whitman about the succession of ideas, and he said, 'Oh, they always fall into place.' He kept no notebooks, properly speaking, but, as I say, used envelopes and slips of paper, and wrote notes on the margins of books. He knew no French. He used to read a translation of Henri Murger (pronounced by him always with a great emphasis on the 'i' and the 'er') in a whimsical way at a dinner or in the midst of a jollification. He once told me that some of the boys at one of the Camden newspaper offices had made a free translation of the original, and he had licked it into form. He knew no language but his own."

Barnet Phillips.

THE POOL-ROOM EVIL.

Public gambling—gambling pure and simple—nowadays finds neither respectable defenders nor apologists. Gambling on the business exchanges is excused by many because it cannot be prevented without at the same time hindering the legitimate transactions which constitute by far the greater part of the volume of business done. Gambling on race-courses is excused by others on the ground that the sport of racing tends to the improvement of the breed of horses, and that without gambling, race-courses cannot be maintained. It is not the purpose of this article to discuss either of these questions. Compared with the pool-room evil as it exists to-day in New York, and in pretty nearly all of the other great cities in America, the gambling on the exchanges and at the race-courses is of minor consequence, for the apparently paradoxical reason that at the latter places it is on a much larger scale. To gamble on the Stock Exchange the person who would make a venture requires to have some capital to start with. To gamble at a race-course, both time and some money are required, for in this case the person must go to the course and pay for admission. But in "playing the races"—as is the slang expression of the day—at a city pool-room, the adventurer needs but two dollars and ten cents to make his first move in the unequal game. Two dollars is for the pool ticket, and ten cents is the price paid as a commission to the pool-seller's "agent," who is supposed to send the money to the race-track to be wagered there. This latter pretence is, of course, a mere shallow fiction in order to circumvent the law. No one in the world has ever made any pretence that such gambling had anything whatever to do with the improvement of the breeding of horses, and no one has found that it had any other effect on the sport of racing except to bring it into disrepute.

But the harm done by this form of public gambling in these pool-rooms that are as open as the day, and almost as accessible as the corner bar-rooms with their plate-glass windows and brilliant lights, is incalculable. In one week I counted in one New York newspaper reports of fifteen cases in which young men or boys had been arrested and brought before police courts charged with robbing their employers to get money with which to bet on these midwinter races that are run every day in New Jersey in open and scornful defiance of the laws of that State. I spoke of the count I had made to an official of the New York police, and he said that the cases that were heard of in the police courts did not, in his opinion, represent one in ten of those youths who had become addicted to the habit, and who had robbed either their parents or employers that they might "play the races," and, to quote this official, "try to beat a game in which the cards are always stacked." If the estimate of this police official be trustworthy, then we are called upon to believe that in one week alone at least one hundred and fifty young fellows were induced to become thieves by the temptation of these pool-rooms. The idea is appalling.

Mr. De Lancey Nicoll, the New York District Attorney, when spoken to on the subject, said: "You have no idea of the widespread evil of allowing pool-rooms to stay open. Mothers, fathers, and employers come to me daily, and tell their stories of how their children and employés have been ruined through the pool-rooms. As District Attorney I hear of these things, and though I know that thousands of young men are ruined annually by these pool-rooms, I am, under the present law, powerless to convict the pool-sellers and compel the closing of their places." Mr. Nicoll has therefore drawn a bill, which, if it become a law, will nullify the shameless fiction that the city pool-sellers are only acting as commission agents for those who make betting-books at the tracks. Indeed, the bill makes it illegal even to act as a commission agent for such a purpose.

Of the young men tempted to go to such places, many are drawn from those classes whose employment leads them to be thrown more or less with miscellaneous crowds. For instance, the boys that answer bells in hotels may be fairly taken as a type of the class to which I refer. Such lads are accustomed to hear in the hotel lobbies that this person and that of the guests has just won a large sum on a horse-race. They do not hear when the guests lose, for the very good reason that such untoward fortune is neither mentioned nor celebrated. The bell-boy's cupidity is easily aroused, and there is the convenient pool-room in which he can try his luck. In some of the Broadway hotels it has become so much a matter of course for these lads to gamble every day that one or the other of their number who happens to be off duty in the afternoon acts as the agent for his companions. I do not pretend to say that all of the hotel bell-boys are addicted to the habit, nor that they are worse than other lads subject to the same temptation, and having the same opportunities. I merely mention them as an illustration, and because my attention happened accidentally to be drawn to them. It is certainly, however, most dangerous for lads with such opportunities as these have for petty pilfering, to have their integrity strained by a seeming chance to get money without working for it.

With Mr. Rogers, the artist, whose sketches of what we saw are printed in this number of the Weekly, I recently spent an afternoon at one of these pool-rooms in a central part of the city. The room was large, probably 25 × 50 feet, and it was filled with men and boys eagerly watching the blackboards upon which were written the names of the horses entered in the various races and the odds given by the bookmakers against each horse. On a platform in front of this blackboard was a coatless ruffian in a straw hat who walked to and fro, and altered the betting to suit the exigencies of the books, which were made by the principal of the establishment in a compartment at one end of the room. In this compartment were also several clerks, and a telegraph operator who now and again received intelligence from the track. It was a shabby crowd that filled the room. The men were unshaven, and not in the least particular about their linen. In age they ranged all the way from seventy to seventeen. The tottering veteran, with a little red spot on each cheek-bone, seemed as eager and anxious as the beardless boy, who with open mouth and face aglow watched the blackboard, while his heart throbbed alternately with hope and fear as the changing betting indicated the popular view as to the chances of the horses. There were also thick-necked, broad-faced, high-cheeked ruffians, who mingled with the crowd, and affected an indifferent air; these, I fancy, were professionals, who only take a hand in the game when word has been quietly received that some horse has what the gamblers call a "dead cinch."

After each race was finished there was to be seen here and there an elated face. Those with such expressions moved quickly to the cashier's window and fell into line. They had winning tickets. All other faces looked gloomier than before. One man, overcome either by spirits or misfortune, had curled himself up on an ice-box in a corner and gone to sleep. He was a picture of shabbiness and woe. One of the hangers-on sidled up to me as I stood looking at the blackboard. Out of the corner of my eye I could see that he was taking my measure, and I was flattered at the thought that in me he recognized a stranger to such places. The fourth race was now the coming event.

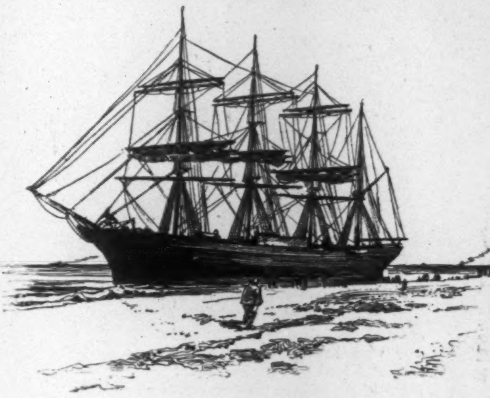
"I had dree ov dem do-day," he said to me, with an ingratiating smile.

"You are lucky," I responded.

"If I had twenty-five dollar, I get de udder dree and win dree hundred," he said, with a smile more insinuating than the first.

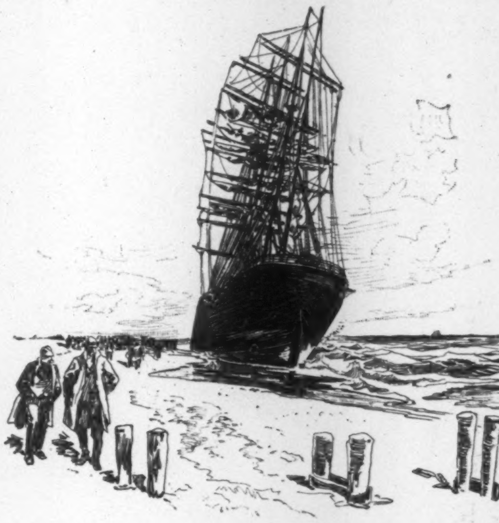
Here was what was called a "tout," and he wanted to tempt chance with my money, and divide the profits, if there were any. Such persons tempt many youngsters and other innocent persons to their undoing. With such as these, and other professionals, so long as they confine their operations within their own circle the public has no concern. When they play their games on one another, it is, to use a homely phrase, but particularly apposite just here, a case of dog eating dog, and we can but wish both a hearty appetite. But when they draw within their vicious circle inexperienced lads, clerks, artisans, and other small wage-earners upon whom families usually depend for support, the public morality demands that they should be suppressed.

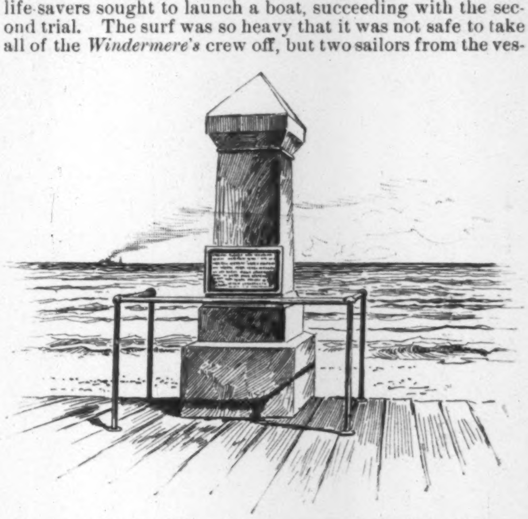
Jno. Gilmer Speed.



WRECK OF THE "WINDERMERE."

On Friday morning, March 18th, the new four-masted steel ship *Windermere*, in ballast from Milford Haven to New York, went ashore off Deal Beach, New Jersey. Captain Edwards and his crew of station No. 6 were in readiness, and a life-line was shot, which caught in the yard-arms of the ship. It was too dangerous to go aloft to secure the line, and the life-savers sought to launch a boat, succeeding with the second trial. The surf was so heavy that it was not safe to take all of the *Windermere's* crew off, but two sailors from the vessel were safely landed, and then a second life-line shot out, which was caught by the second mate. After a time all was made fast, and the breeches buoy sent out. Most of the crew were landed by the buoy, the work progressing as the *Windermere* ceased pounding. Captain O. A. Windermere, part owner of the vessel, was too stout to go aloft and reach the breeches buoy, so the surf-boat went out again, and finally the last man was brought off and the vessel left to the mercy of the waves. Later on the heavy surf subsided and the ship was left on the beach. The *Windermere* is a new ship 320 feet in length, built at Milford Haven, and it was her maiden voyage that ended so disastrously. This part of the coast has been the scene of many disasters. Here the French steamer *L'Amerique* was beached fifteen years ago, and in 1854 the *New Era* packet-ship was wrecked, and 300 lives were lost. A monument to the memory of these unfortunates stands on the shore, the tablet of which also commemorates the zeal of Governor W. A. Newell of New Jersey, who succeeded, as Congressman, in passing the law establishing the Life-saving Service. Our sketches are from photographs made by Mr. R. S. Blake.





LOADING AN EIGHT-INCH RIFLE.

More lustrums than one cares to remember gratefully in these piping days of peace and slow promotion have passed since it was my good fortune to sit within the inferior radius of the salt, and listen to a cannonade of wit between certain American worthies. The place was shipboard; the season, a national holiday; the occasion, a gathering of the war survivors of the station. At the head of the hospitable mess table sat Admiral Farragut, to starboard and to port twinkled other battle stars, and then, in a pleasantly fortified Milky Way, were blurred the lesser youngsters, midshipmen, and other satellites, who thanked Heaven, feasting after fasting, for the chance the meeting gave them.

The great admiral was in his every-day, holiday mood, for always, even in the stress and storm period, he had the heart of a merry boy. With quick wit he filliped new meanings into old sea jests; he challenged even our end of the table to a cheery encounter of story; he twisted deftly yarn after yarn of remembrance into a coil of sea conceits; and, particularly, he recalled the good things of the old sailor-men who had taught him his trade of seamanship, his trick of fighting (he began in the *Essex* eighty years ago); but he never spoke of the great deeds for which we loved and honored him so much. With a mischievous twinkle he repeated—indeed, I think, he half chanted—an old navy song, one of the rough and vigorous sort, for the talk had veered, and hauled about guns and shot and villanous saltpetre.

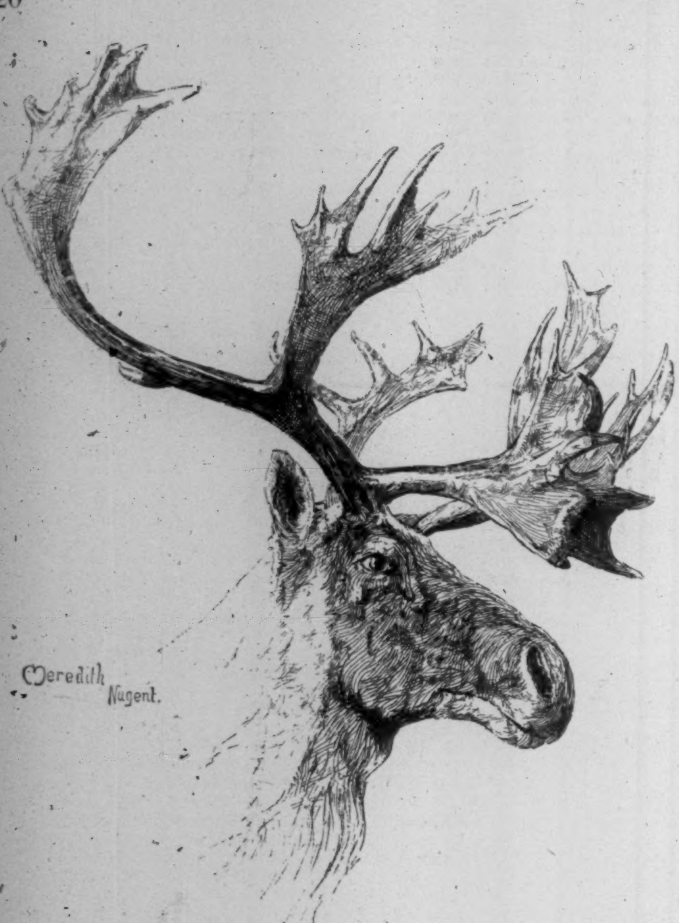
"No fight," he said, "gave my contemporaries greater pleasure than the duel between the *Constellation* and *L'Insurgente*, fought in 1799, long before my day, of course, but then dearly cherished. It was a gun fight. The ships were cruising in the West Indies, and their batteries were, if I remember aright, 36 pieces with us, 40 with the enemy. But after an hour's sharp fighting, Commodore Tom Truxton captured Barreau, and, gentlemen, our loss was one killed, three wounded; the Frenchman's was 70 in all. Of course, even," concluded the admiral, "in the best ships the batteries could not be compared with the lightest we now have, and are not to be named with the ordnance you younger officers will have to handle, but in their day there was none more effective afloat. None better handled either, for those earlier sailors were brought up in a school of sharp experience, and were as great in gunnery practice as in seamanship."

No one was better fitted by age and service to judge of these things than Farragut, for his experience bridged over a wonderful period of ordnance achievement. He had handled the long 32's, had seen the days of carronades, had watched the slow growth of shell-firing and rifling, had studied the question of breech and muzzle loading, of battering and piercing effects. It is a far cry, though, from the guns he thought might be built to those used in this end of our century, for the development has been not only marvellous, but so excessive that the highest calibres are being abandoned for more moderate types. The *Victoria's* 110-ton gun, which failed upon trial, illustrates not the extremest piece yet constructed, but one of the highest class. It is 16.25 inches in calibre, and over 40 feet in length; its shot weighs 1800 pounds; its charge, 960 pounds; the energy developed is 57,580 foot-tons, the penetration in steel 30.8 inches at the muzzle, and its cost is beyond ninety thousand dollars.

We are far from behind in the race, though at present, with the exception of the four 10-inch guns on board the *Miantonomoh*, the heaviest pieces mounted in our compact but competent fleet of cruisers are the 8-inch all-steel breech-loading rifles. Arrangements exist for producing 12-inch guns, and the Chief of Naval Ordnance is prepared, whenever authority is given, to create the plant demanded by the highest calibres. The 8-inch occupies a middle ground between what should be the battery of all swift cruisers of good displacement and that which would be carried by battle ships. I think its association with 6-inch guns in the *Atlanta* type, and even in the next higher class of vessels, is a mistake, for, to my mind, all those ships should be armed with lighter pieces, giving greater intensity of fire, notably with rapid-fire guns, rather below than above six inches in calibre. This, of course, does not affect the specific value of the gun, but its relation to other conditions, for in its own sphere it is an excellent weapon. The rifle is capable of firing a projectile weighing 250 pounds with 125 pounds of powder, and of developing a velocity of 2050 feet, an energy of 7285 tons, and a penetration into wrought iron of 18.2 inches. It may be stated here that this term *energy* denotes the work a gun can perform, and that it is expressed by the weight in tons which can be lifted one foot; thus, the work of the 8-inch projectile is equivalent to an energy capable of lifting 7285 tons to a height of one foot. In the practical powder tests made with the type at Annapolis these theoretical results, even with a less charge of powder, were exceeded.

The 8-inch gun is handled by man-power, and is not subject to the difficulties imposed by the delicate mechanisms required for the calibres above twelve inches. In the operation of loading, four of the crew furnish the projectile, and an equal number supplies the charge. The system adopted for closing the breech was invented in America; but as it has been employed in France from the earliest experimental period, it is known as the French *fermeture*. It cannot be described without a drawing, and therefore it may only be said that its principle is the one known as an interrupted screw. After the projectile and powder are shoved home, the breech is closed and locked, and the gun is trained upon the target by a system of levers, worked easily by a few hands. When the object and the sights are on line, the gun captain fires the piece by pulling smartly the lanyard attached to the primer inserted in the breech plug. There are few complications about the gun and its mountings, and the operations of loading and sighting are exceedingly simple. Under the present instructions our crews are rapidly acquiring an effective familiarity with the new weapons, and the American sailor is rapidly taking his place in the forefront of successful marksmanship the world over.

Lieut. J. D. Jerrold Kelley.


Meredith Nugent.

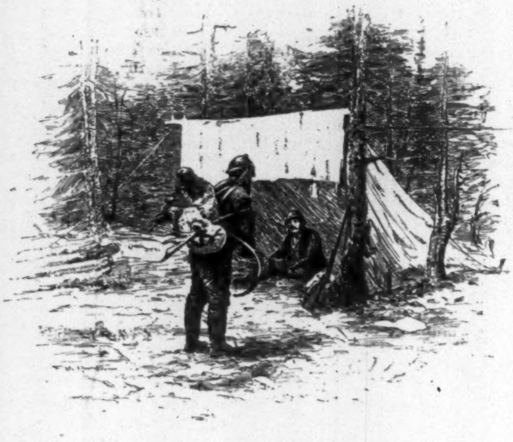
CARIBOU-HUNTING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

MY first trip to the wilds of Newfoundland was made in the fall of 1890, but owing to an unfortunate combination of poor health and wretched weather, it did not prove altogether satisfactory. In fact, during the week I remained in camp, I really had only one good hunting-day, on which occasion I stalked and killed two stags with fine heads, refused several shots at does, and got back to camp before 3 P.M.

Had it not been for this one successful day, which gave me an idea of the grand sport to be had in that far-off wilderness, I probably should never have thought of going a second time; but with the approach of spring came the desire to try my luck once more; visions of the solitary barrens and big caribou filled my thoughts; so that when that famous sportsman, Colonel Cecil Clay, of Washington, D. C., proposed we should make the trip together, I jumped at the chance and considered the matter settled.

As it usually requires from two to three months to get a letter to the head of Hall's Bay and back, it was necessary to open correspondence for guides, etc., early in June.

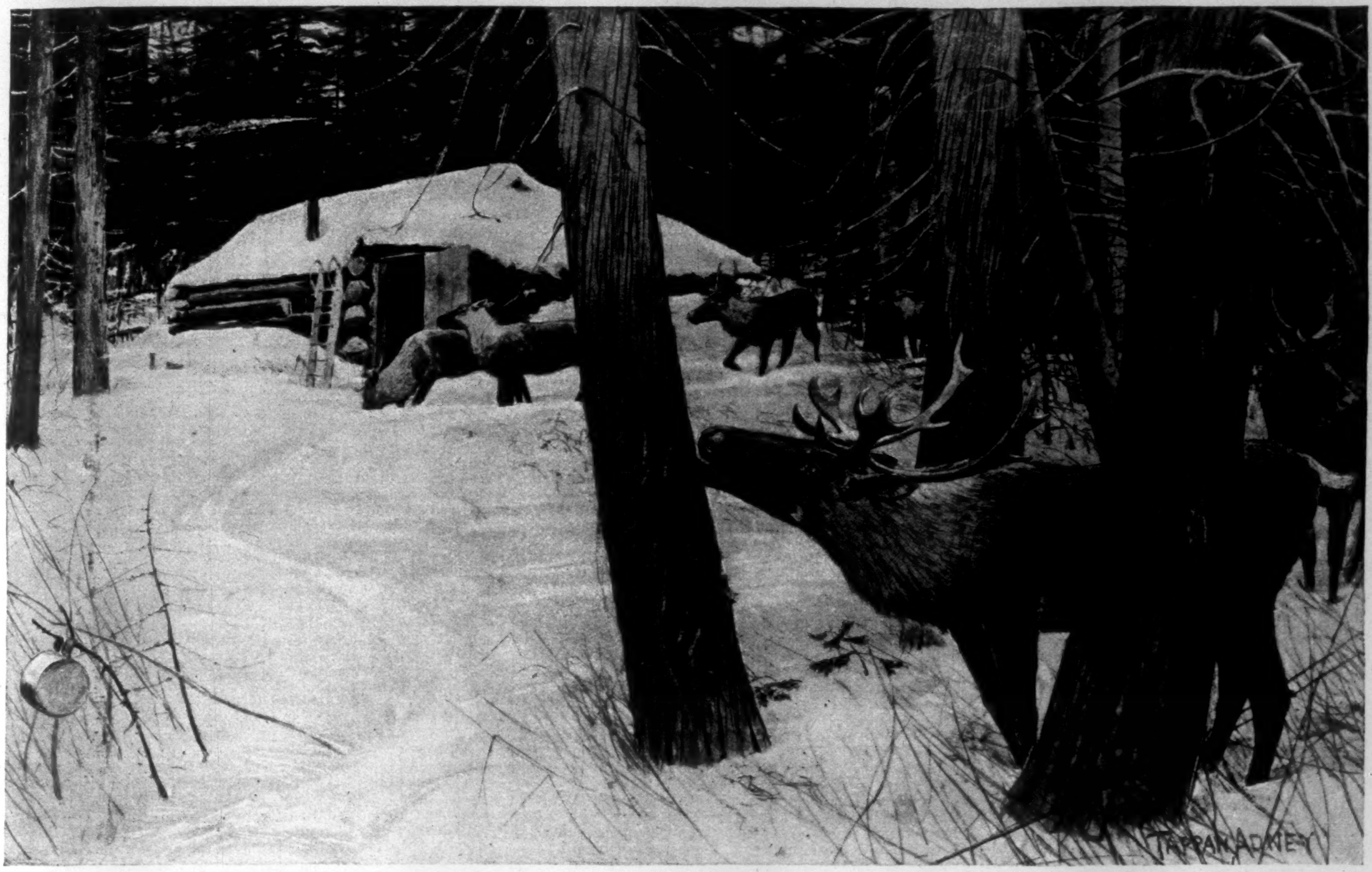
As commissary and quartermaster of the expedition, I had the responsibility of fitting out our party, and the first step I took was to have a light tent made, seven feet deep and nine feet wide, of the shape known as the lean-to or lumberman's pattern, that is, open in front, with a flap that could be used as an awning during the day and curtain at night. Rolled up in this tent was our camp kit, making a convenient-sized pack weighing 60 lbs. Our provisions were also made up into bundles of about the same size and weight, covered with stout canvas to protect them from bad weather, and so assorted that each contained a proper proportion of the various articles. In order to assist any one wishing to make such a trip, I add the list of provisions we took with us, and which we considered sufficient for our party of six, including the guides, for fourteen days: 20 lbs. pilot biscuit; 20 lbs. self-raising flour; 20 lbs. Indian meal; 10 lbs. butter; 25 lbs. bacon; 30 lbs. fat salt pork for cooking; 4 lbs. coffee; 2½ lbs. tea; 15 lbs. block sugar; 3½ lbs. granulated sugar; 12 cans condensed milk; 2 lbs. rice; 2 quarts beans; 1 box each pepper and salt; 2 bottles pickles; 50 lbs. potatoes; 5 lbs. onions; 5 lbs. candles; 1 quart of whiskey, and 1 pint brandy. We also took a few cans of corned beef and pork and beans to use on our way into camp. In addition to the above, I had ordered Lebuff, the guide, to have eight big loaves of bread baked, which I knew would last us several days, and of course we counted on a plentiful supply of venison as soon as we should reach our camp on the marsh. Remembering how I suffered the year before for the want of a few simple medicines, I took the precaution of providing a little assortment, such as Jamaica ginger, Brandreth pills, arnica, and adhesive plaster, which fortunately we did not have to use. We each carried a knapsack containing a change of thick under-clothing, p of heavy woollen socks, a pair of camp slippers, and a few nece toilet articles. Strapped to the knapsacks were our blanket rolled up in rubber blankets. Of course each sportsman carrie rifle, cartridges, pipe, and tobacco. In addition, Colonel Clay his camera slung over his shoulder, while I carried my sketch- and water-colors in a rubber haversack. We sailed October 3 the steamer *Portia*, of the Red Cross Line, commanded by Cap Ash, who, it may be remembered, was ice-pilot on the *Bear* o expedition that was sent to Lieutenant Greely's rescue. Whil are making good time towards our destination, with clear wea and a fairly smooth sea, I will give a very short descriptio Newfoundland, for I find that the majority of people have l vague idea of this great island, which lies across the entranc the Gulf of St. Lawrence, with its northern end within ten mile the Labrador coast. It contains 42,000 square miles, and, with exception of the coast and a few favored localities in the south portion, it is a vast uninhabited wilderness, where caribou, l wolves, foxes, beaver, and other wild animals exist comparati undisturbed by man. As the interior is unfit for human habitat owing to the rocky barrens and wet marshes, to say nothing of cold wet climate, it is likely to remain in its present condition ages to come. The settlers along the coast (the better half of wh is under French control) live mainly by cod-fishing, sealing, lumbering. But many of them would have long ago starved death were it not for plentiful supply of c bou, which can be ea killed by any one a familiar with hunt Not only do they on the venison, but sell it during the and winter months the miners and lum men, who readily ten cents a pound it. It is fine juicy m very nourishing, and perior in flavor and t ture to the venison our Virginia deer. few of the inhabita principally the Mic Indians, make a fair ing at trapping. B ver, otter, foxes, a wolves are the prin pal fur-bearing anim though they get much-prized silver a black foxes occasi ally, which are wo respectively fifty seventy-five dollars the stores. Lately lobster-canning factories have given employment to a great ma of the younger portion of the settlers, particularly to the girls, a there are several mines that employ quite a number of men; still, sealing and cod-fishing are the main industries. Excepti in the southern portion of the island and along the borders of great rivers, little can be raised except a few of the more har vegetables, such as potatoes, turnips, and cabbages. But fish



AT THE END OF A DAY'S SPORT.

Electrical Building. Liberal Arts Building. Grand Basin.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—THE GR



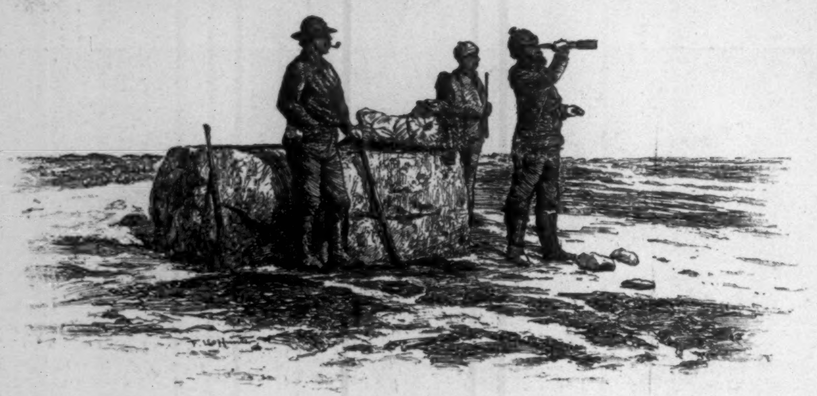
CARIBOU IN NORTHERN MAINE—ON DANGEROUS GROUND.

plentiful; codfish, salmon, trout, herring, capelin, etc., are to be had at every man's door, and such live-stock as they own, including dogs, pigs, goats, and cows, is often fed on herring and capelin, giving their pork and bacon a most peculiar and disagreeable flavor.

When Newfoundland was first discovered it was inhabited by a race of aborigines known as the "Red Indians," so named from the habit they had of painting themselves with red ochre. They were a harmless, inoffensive people, armed with bows and arrows, and were shot down on sight by the various crews of fishermen from Canada and France. The Micmac Indians who went into the interior for hunting and trapping did the same thing, so that by the year 1827 not a "Red Indian" was left on the island.

McMonnie's Fountain.
Agricultural Building.
Machinery Hall.

ND COURT.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 331.]



ON THE LOOKOUT.

The caribou found in Newfoundland is a variety of reindeer known as woodland caribou (*Cervus tarandus*). They grow larger and carry better antlers than in any other part of North America. The natives always call them "deer." The bulls they term "stags," and the females "hinds" or "does," while the young are known as "fawns." These caribou are certainly noble game, and look entirely different from the awkward creatures represented in pictures. A full-grown stag, with his great antlers almost covering his shoulders, walking proudly behind a herd of does as they cross a ridge against the sky line, is a sight long to be remembered, and I well calculated to make the blood tingle in the veins of a sportsman. The males are almost white in October, while the females are somewhat darker. In summer they are all dark brown in color, but like the hares and willow-grouse, turn white in the fall as soon as the snow flies.

A full-grown stag will measure 7 feet in length, and stand about 4 feet 6 inches at the shoulder, with a chest measure of 54 inches. The meat dressed will weigh about 400 pounds. Both the male and female caribou carry antlers, and sometimes those of the doe are as large as the horns of a small stag. The males lose their antlers in November, but the females carry theirs until the following season—a wise provision of nature to enable them to protect their young. The horns of the stags are only for ornament and fighting, and not for the purpose of scraping away the snow, as some people imagine. When their favorite moss is covered too deep with snow, they find plenty of an inferior quality, black in color, hanging to the stunted trees, but they only feed on this when the other is too difficult to obtain.

During the rutting season, which lasts from the latter part of September to the latter part of October, the stags are always ready for a fight, and woe to the individual they catch on the marsh unarmed. They will charge him without a moment's hesitation. The settlers fear them at this season of the year more than all the bears and wolves put together. They migrate to the southern end of the island as soon as the first heavy snow falls—generally about the 1st of November—where they remain until spring, when they return, keeping nearer the coast and in the woods in order to escape the flies that torment them during the warm weather. On their fall migration, when they swim across Red Indian Lake and similar places well known to the Micmacs and white settlers, they are clubbed and speared to death by hundreds. Most of these are wasted. My guide told me he counted one hundred and fifteen in one heap two years ago, and he did not believe over a dozen were ever hauled out and used. One of these days, when too late, they will regret this stupid and shameful waste.

But to return to our trip. The good steamer *Portia*, after stopping a few hours at Halifax, and leaving most of her freight and passengers at the quaint old city of St. John's, Newfoundland, proceeded up the coast, past the great bays of Trinity and Conception, with their picturesque headlands, and past dangerous Fogo, until finally, just at dusk, she threaded her way through the narrow and difficult channel to Pilley Island in Notre Dame Bay, where she was to take on a load of ore.

Through the kindness of Mr. Whyte, the manager of the Little Bay mines, we found next morning a tug at our disposal, and as soon as we could transfer our traps, were off for our twenty-five-mile journey up Hall's Bay.

By 3 P.M. the tug dropped anchor at the head of the bay, in front of our guide's shanty. Drawn up on the white sand was the old "dugout" destined to transfer our packs to the head of West Pond; and there stood our men, all ready—Richard Lebuff, chief guide; Martin Williams; and Joe Bushy, a "squaw man"; and all great caribou-hunters, able to pack their hundred pounds each over the thirteen-mile "portage" that leads to our camp.

It was almost dark when we reached our old log tilt at the foot of West Pond and found ourselves again camped in the woods, enjoying our pipes while reclining on the fragrant evergreen boughs and exchanging hunters' stories. Only those who have enjoyed this wild camp life can understand with what pleasure we return to it after so many weary months of work among the bricks and mortar. After a good night's rest and a hearty breakfast, we started again next morning. It is hardly daylight and the sun is barely up when we reach the head of the pond. This section of Newfoundland was visited by a terrible fire some fifteen years ago, which did great damage, and the hills still look scorched and bare, though kind nature is doing her best to cover the half-burned logs with a fresh growth of larches, fir, and white birches.

Having rowed up the inlet as far as we can, we proceed to hide such of our provisions as we are unable to take with us, and each man taking what he feels able to carry, we start on our hard tramp for the marsh thirteen miles distant. We had provided ourselves at St. John's with Labrador seal-skin boots, which, when worn over three or four pairs of woollen stockings, kept our feet fairly dry as we tramped through the bogs and wet marshes, and forded the many brooks that crossed our path.

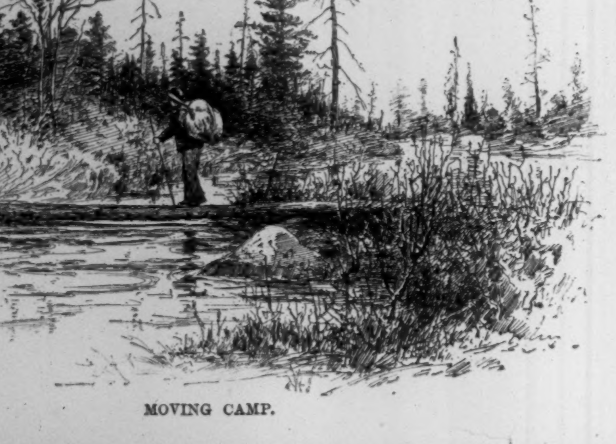
By one o'clock we reached the "Greenwoods," where we boiled the kettle and rested a bit. Whenever the natives stop to eat, on goes the teakettle, and "boiling the kettle" signifies breakfast, dinner, or supper, according to the time of day. We do not stop long, as this is only half-way, and presently shoulder our packs, and take up our march again. Everything has an end, and finally we reach our last year's camp half-way up the "five-mile marsh," and drop our packs with a sigh of relief. All seven of us sleep in the old log tilt that night, but the next morning we move a mile farther up, and go into our permanent camp. The colonel with Richard Lebuff, and his son with Martin Williams, start off after caribou, for we must have venison before night. I remain to see the tent properly pitched, and the camp put in order.

After lunch Joe Bushy and I started out to try if we could not get venison. We walked over considerable ground, but saw no game, until, returning, we discovered a yearling just coming out of the woods, some three hundred yards from us. After a short run and considerable crawling, I managed to get within a hundred yards, and dropped my victim with a bullet through the neck. On reaching camp, we found young Clay with the two hind quarters of a fine doe, and later the colonel came in, and reported he had killed a good stag; so we were all happy, and venison was plentiful in camp.

The next morning the weather was damp and foggy and ill suited for sighting deer, but the men had their hands full getting the meat into camp and skinning out our specimens. I happened to walk out to the edge of the marsh in the afternoon to see if any deer were in sight. As I carefully peered through the bushes, I was surprised to see a fine stag standing within seventy yards of me. It was so unexpected that I must confess to an attack of buck fever, which is something I am rarely troubled with; three times I tried to hold my rifle on that caribou's shoulder, but my hand trembled so that at last, when I fired, I scored a clean miss. I saw him give a bound, but as I was using a single-shot Winchester, I hurried in another cartridge, and on looking up, expecting to see him going across the marsh, was astonished to find him still standing within easy shot, evidently wondering where the noise came from. By this time I had recovered my senses, and aiming at that fatal spot on the shoulder, had the pleasure of seeing him drop at the crack of the rifle without the slightest kick or sign of life. The tongues we always saved to salt and smoke, as reindeer tongue is a great delicacy, and they were fully appreciated by our friends on our return home.

Sunday, October the 18th, Colonel Clay and I, with Lebuff and Bushy, started for the famous White Hills, eight miles north of our camp. It was a superb morning, and the fresh-fallen snow told the story of every track that crossed our path. When we reached the high ridge on which is located that well-known landmark, the "dining-table," the view was superb. Far off to the south the mountains near the Exploits River loomed up grandly; to the north, the snow-covered "topsails" sparkled in the sun; and to the eastward, West Pond, and even Hall's Bay, showed like dark purple flecks of color in the snow-covered landscape. But the wind blew such a gale we were glad to hurry down towards Barney's Pond, which we reached by noon, where we were soon at home in the comfortable little log tilt, and had the kettle on. We had rather short commons at supper that evening, for we had forgotten to fetch along any venison, and we had nothing for four hungry men but a small piece of bacon. So when we started out the next morning it meant "meat" or "starve."

Lebuff and I forded Barney's Brook just above the pond. What a stream for trout-fishing! Such riffles and pools, and never a fly had ever been cast on these waters! We tramped a good many miles, carefully examining the country for caribou, but saw nothing but a few willow-grouse, of which I killed a brace with my Winchester. We sighted a stag half a mile off, which, after considerable running and hard work, we failed to get within gun-shot of, and venison looked as far off as ever at noon. Later, however, we were fortunate enough to discover a big fat doe and a yearling not five hundred yards off, and after we had crawled through mud and water to cover, the deer, not having seen us, came our way. Sportsmen usually prefer to kill stags, but in this case it was sufficiently exciting, for on this chance might depend our supper. As they passed at ninety yards, I aimed for the doe's shoulder, and the great beast fell flat, only to stagger to her feet again, turning the other side towards us; and fearing she might run some distance, I fired again, this time dropping her stone dead. Now I dread to tell the reader what a curious shot this was, but as it actually happened, I must put it on record, even at the risk of its being considered "fishy." The two bullets passed through the deer's shoulders in contrary directions, and made but one hole! We cut the animal open carefully and verified it. Of course this was merely a very curious accident, which would never occur again in a lifetime.



MOVING CAMP.

The colonel arrived an hour or two later, but came in empty-handed. He reported that they had seen three caribou and two wolves. The presence of the latter animals accounted for the scarcity of the deer in that section of the country, for last season the place was full of caribou, and no one had been there since.

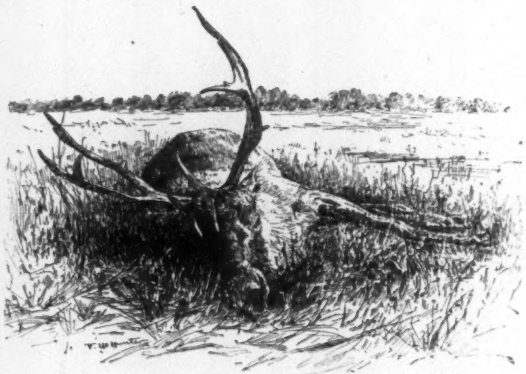
The next morning it rained, snowed, and was altogether disagreeable, so that we concluded to return to our old camp at "Hauna's lookout." We hunted back, but saw nothing; they do not seem to move about much in very bad weather, but keep in the shelter of thick woods.

Wednesday the colonel killed four caribou—some of them had fine heads—and on his tramp saw sixty-one. The following day I took a trip to the top of Wolf Hill. It was a long hard tramp, but I felt amply repaid by the glorious scenery. Our old friends the "topsails" showed up grandly against the clear blue sky to our right; Sheffield Lake, surrounded by rugged hills and picturesque rocks, lay almost at our feet; and innumerable ponds and streams glistened among the yellow marshes in the distance. On the return we sighted three deer right in front of us, and dropping behind a big rock, watched them until, when within about one hundred yards, I selected the best head, and dropped the great deer with a quartering shot through the body. The other two seemed dazed, and had I wished, I could have killed them both; but after admiring them for several moments, we showed ourselves, and they left in a hurry. While breaking up our victim, another caribou came up to within fifty yards of us, and tried to stare us out of countenance, but as we had no use for any more, we let it go. We saw twelve altogether that day, and I refused four easy shots. This ended our shooting for the trip, and, a day or two after, we started back for the salt water. At the head of Hall's Bay we met a steam-launch kindly sent us by the manager of the Pilley Island mines, and after a wild, stormy trip in the driving snow, reached our destination just as the *Miranda*, of the Red Cross Line, came steaming in through the narrow channel leading to her dock.

On our way home we were delayed three days at St. John's, but this dreary wait was brightened by our making the acquaintance of that excellent sportsman and prince of good fellows, Mr. Maurice Thorburn, who gave us a delicious game supper at his cozy bachelor quarters, and who showed us, preserved in alcohol, a couple of noble brook trout, weighing respectively three and a half and four pounds—samples of his skill with the fly rod.

Two weeks after leaving camp we arrived safe and sound in New York with our numerous trophies, some of which will undoubtedly soon grace the collection of the National Museum at Washington.

WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.



IN BONDAGE.

NOT long ago I lightly swore
  To live a bachelor forever.
I'd known a dozen girls or more,
  Some sweet and dull, some plain and clever,
But all their wiles and witching charms
  I'd met with such serene resistance
That even when with open arms
  They stood, I kept a proper distance.

I joined a club, and settled down
  To blissful dreams and novels stupid.
I smoked until I'd colored brown
  A meerschaum saddled by a Cupid.
I thought myself exempt from care
  That crosses the domestic table,
When suddenly, quite unaware,
  My narrow path was crossed by Mabel.

To be near her, to hear her speak,
  And drink the music of her laughter;
To see the smiles slip o'er her cheek,
  And watch the dimples chasing after—
But hold! you know as well as I
  What auguries such praises carry:
I bade the bachelors good-by,
  And in the autumn I shall marry.

AMATEVR · SPORT

Improvement of individual skill has by no means kept pace with the growth of fencing in this country during the past ten years. In '83 the Fencers' Club of this city was organized, and its influence more than any other cause has done much to develop interest in the sport. The display of ignorance of the true principles which govern fencing wherever a number of men are brought together is simply deplorable. Here in New York—if we exclude, say, a dozen or fifteen first-class men—we have nothing left but a lot of worse than third-class fencers, whose work is of the pronounced haphazard touch-and-go variety. The result of the championships of the Amateur Fencing League last week, where the winner made a percentage of 45.50, and the second man 32.33, warrants this declaration. Several of our most expert fencers were not entered, else we should have had better sport, but, as it was, the showing was miserable.

To advance the standard of skill, it would seem advisable to establish three classes—the first to include those only who have secured a prize in any first-class affair, club or otherwise; the second to be formed of those who have secured a fair per cent. of the points in their bouts with the first-class men; all others to be considered third-class until they have gained the necessary percentage. The records should be made at periodical meetings appointed for that purpose by a committee elected by the first-class fencers. The percentage necessary to be admitted to the second class should be determined by the committee and the meetings, and their result regularly recorded in a book for that purpose. In this way we should have yearly tournaments made up from classes, the championship would be an interesting event, and the standard of fencing advanced considerably ahead of where it is now.

Of the championship this year, William Scott O'Connor and Dr. B. F. O'Connor were the only two with any pretensions to the first class. Of the two, the first is the better, because of his style, which is more refined, and based on the observance of the "time." This quality, although of the greatest importance, and the *sine qua non* of the best form, was absolutely ignored by most of the entries. Dr. B. F. O'C. owes his proficiency chiefly to steady, energetic, and persistent work, but the lack of bodily suppleness hampers his motions, and makes them somewhat heavy. His style shows knowledge and appreciation of the art, but wants *finesse* and subtlety. All the other fencers in the championship were greatly below these two. They possessed merely the elements of the art, the very first rudiments, and in most cases these first rudiments were founded on very bad conception. Their work showed absolutely an utter lack of calculation; total dismay and confusion followed an unsuccessful attack; every energy appeared to be directed to touching the opponent, with no thought of the defensive. It was hit-or-miss work, with defects in the position of body, in the manner of holding the foil, and in the directing of the blade. Three positions for the hand are used in fencing—prime (thumb placed underneath), tierce (thumb at left), and quarte (thumb at right). They represent the fundamentals of the art, and offer, when used properly, indefinite resources. If ignored, the fencer is certain to remain at the same stage, without improving his style.

Fencing as a science has no limit.

The Racquet Club (N. Y.) championship was won last week by E. La Montagne, Jun., who defeated G. Hyde Clarke rather easily in the finals. J. S. Tooker, who won the honor last year by defeating Mr. De Garmendia, to the surprise of New-Yorkers, had just returned from abroad, and failed to enter. Had he done so, he would have had his hands full, as Mr. La Montagne was playing in great form. His victory was a very popular one. Mr. Clarke's game was clever, and in the third particularly good on the defensive, but his opponent's pace was too hot for him. The result of the first-class handicap was as follows:

Maurice La Montagne, 5, 15, 12, 15, 12.
E. La Montagne, Jun., 15, 13, 15, 10, 15.

E. La Montagne, Jun., 15, 11, 15, 15.
W. T. Lawson, 6, 15, 3, 3.

O. W. Bird, 6, 8, 15, 11.
W. T. Lawson, 15, 15, 11, 15.

G. Hyde Clarke, 13, 15, 15, 15.
C. L. Perkins, 18, 9, 10, 3.

E. La Montagne, Jun., 15, 15, 18.
G. Hyde Clarke, 7, 3, 13.

The second-class handicap tournament was very good all the way through, and was finally won by John S. Hoyt (3 aces) from Clifford A. Tower, with a score, 15, 11, 15, 15, against 13, 15, 5, 13.

The championship on April 12th for the Racquet Club (New York) and Boston Athletic Association joint cup is not likely to prove so interesting as a couple of weeks ago it was thought it might. Mr. De Garmendia, who won it last year, is just now in Cuba, and it is doubtful if he will return in time; J. S. Tooker has just returned from abroad, and is not likely to get into championship form; Foxhall Keene is trying to harden up by playing a little court-tennis, but it is doubtful if he plays, or if so, that he can stand a hard game; and, finally, E. La Montagne, Jun., sailed last Saturday on the *Etruria* for a trip across and back. As he will land only two or three days before the event, he is hardly likely to get off his sea-legs. It looks as though Mr. Tooker had the best chance of winning, for at least he is strong, and has two good weeks of practice.

The water polo series between the teams of the New York Athletic Club and Manhattan Athletic Club showed clearly the necessity another year of revising the rules. Considerable license has been given players, and the rules have been interpreted with utmost indulgence, because of the newness of the game and the general greenness of players. We have had two years of this, and it is now, or will be next year, time to draw the lines tighter. The possibilities for expert play are great, and the game can be made one of intense interest. Of the match last Friday and the week previous between the N. Y. A. C. and M. A. C. the former won both, by scores 3 goals to none and 2 goals to none. Their game is easily the most skilful of any team now playing; they have had the benefit of good coaching and have profited by it. The M. A. C. have been handicapped by not having an expert coach, and their game is more a series of individual efforts, with an inability to concentrate force at critical moments to either score or save their own goal. Time, patience, and a good coach will do much in water polo.

It is impossible at present to form any correct estimate of the Harvard crew, taken as a whole. Changes in the make-up are many and frequent, and one can only judge of its ability by grasping the main points and allowing individual shortcomings to be overlooked until later in the season, when the crew is practically settled and detailed criticism is in order. Every movement shows that the men are being coached in the proper manner, and it is very satisfactory thus early in the season to see them so fully grounded in the fundamental principles of good rowing. The recover is steady and well under control. To be sure, each and every man does not arrive at the same point at the same time, but the effort to do so is manifest. The last part of the recover is especially good, so far as the intention to do well is concerned. That slow creeping forward the last few inches is only to be acquired after weeks of work, and Mr. Adams has evidently made up his mind that the result is worthy of the greatest effort, for he keeps the crew well in hand, and does not allow them to hurry at this, to my mind, the most important part of the stroke.

The "catch" is firm and hard. Some members of the crew are inclined to undertake more than they can carry through. But judged collectively, the catch is well handled. It is not, however, in the details of the stroke that the crew shows its weakness, but in the set in which the details are put together. This, of course, is one of the results of the frequent changes. The men do not follow each other well, and while at a distance they appear to be doing fairly, when one gets closer he sees faults which, if persisted in, would be enough to ruin the best set of men ever gathered together in a 'Varsity boat.

Kelton appears to be able to follow Lynam as well as he can Ninde, but this is not saying much, for at present both of them are so irregular in their movements that time and again Kelton finds himself setting the stroke. I think, however, as I said last week, that Lynam can be more easily fitted to the position than Ninde.

The first part of each afternoon's spin is marked, as a rule, by fairly good rowing, but as the men get tired one fault after another shows itself, until in the homestretch the crew presents an appearance which can best be illustrated by picturing a class crew the first time in a shell. This is partly due to the long rows which the crew takes and the subsequent fatigue, but chiefly to the lack of nervous energy which the men show in not being able to drive themselves to do the work in a proper manner, even though they are somewhat worn out. In other words, the crew apparently lacks that most essential element in the building up of a fast eight, *viz.*, the will-power to do their best throughout the entire afternoon's work. This is due to one of two things, either the men are getting too much work, or else are not made of the right stuff. The fact that they are all over weight rather points to the latter supposition. As usual about this time of year, when the weather is a little too cool for rowing, the men are liable to colds and like indispositions which demand their absence from the boat. Such at present is the reason why Ninde and Vail are not in the eight, but instead can be seen loafing around the boat-house or around the college yard. The place for such men is in their rooms, or at least under cover, until they are fit for full duty.

The issue of the present moment at Yale seems to be Ives or Gallaudet for stroke. There are some of the best advisers in crew matters who are strongly advocating changing Ives from No. 7 to the position next the cockswain, and who argue that Gallaudet is not a strong enough man for the boat. Arrayed against these, however, are all the men who have ever sat behind Gallaudet, and who insist that he is not only strong, but at his very best in a race, and that what now is only a fairly marked individual time becomes, after a crew have sat behind him for a month, a steady beat that holds them well. Moreover, they claim that so far as strength goes, Gallaudet is as sound as a dollar, whereas Ives, although showing up so now, might not be able to respond to urgent and repeated calls for more work in a closely contested hot race.

Graves has shown himself a persistent steady toiler, and is making a good bid for No. 5. In fact it is No. 5 that is at present the open place, and the one that Captain Hartwell is exceedingly anxious to fill with a first-class man. Graves cuts his stroke short, not pulling it through well, and he does not seem to get over the fault. Paine is better than of old, but he drops backward like a sack of meal at the finish of his stroke. Some one will have to put a ramrod down his back before he will overcome that habit. Balliet grows better and better. Rogers rows well and digs away, getting in all his power every time; but he is light, and looks particularly so when one thinks of Newell in the Harvard bow. Van Huyck is going to make his place; in fact he, Hartwell, Balliet, and Ives are going to make backbone for the New Haven crew.

The oft-told tale that wearies the ear and declares Bob Cook will have nothing to do with this crew has made its annual round. Truth or fiction, Bob will probably have a look at the Yale boat before long, to see whether it is worth his while to take them up. Bob got a beating last year, and that, too, after the crew had been sent down to Philadelphia during an entire Easter vacation to be under his guidance, and after he had had all the say with them from first to last. Moreover, there was admittedly plenty of strength in the boat. Bob did not relish the beating, and he will not take up the crew unless they look very promising when he sees them. All of which is decidedly unfair to Captain Hartwell, and reads as though Mr. Bob Cook placed his own reputation before the needs of his *alma mater*.

In Yale's baseball the principal point of interest is the way in which Case is pitching. A few weeks ago it looked like Bowers surely, but unless I am very much mistaken, Case is going to be the dark horse who will make the running.

Princeton has been luckier than Yale in its arrangement of Easter dates. Captain Young devoted himself to getting on games with amateur nines in the Southern districts, and has a well-filled schedule in consequence. The candidates have gone to the training table, and expect to be out-of-doors and at work before another week has passed. They are shaping up very well, and if two or three would learn to handle the stick with more skill, nothing better than their showing could be asked at this time of the season. Brown will undoubtedly be the team's regular catcher; he is a good back stop, and will head off runners to second base in fine style. Princeton will be stronger in this particular than she was last year. Humphreys will be the change catcher. In the pitcher's box, L. A. Young is unapproached, and his work in the cage even at this early date shows rare control. There are three candidates, however, who, if they develop nerve and judgment in proportion to their curves and speed, will outclass any college pitcher in sight, Highlands excepted; these are Van Nortwick, H. Young, and Mullen.

Van Nortwick is one of the most promising candidates on the field. He has some puzzling curves and good speed, and he is very likely to be the change pitcher. H. Young has terrific speed, and though his curves are not so numerous or intricate as the others, he is a very hard man to bat. He is not very steady just yet, but will, of course, improve. Mullen has the prettiest curves of them all; it is fascinating to watch his delivery; but they say he has no nerve, and goes to pieces once he has given a batter his base on balls. If this is so, he is not to be considered among the eligibles, for if there is any one thing a pitcher must do, it is to keep his head on his shoulders. First base goes to Otto, who is very promising, and as tall as Dana of last year. If he fills the position as well, nothing more can be asked of him.

King and Ramsdell will cover second and third bases respectively. Between Brooks and A. Young for short there is quite a race, and they are both good men, both wide awake, and both in earnest, probably the former is a bit better on grounders. Princeton will be quite as strong in this position as she was last year. Wright is pretty certain of centre field; he bats very little better than he did last year, but his superb fielding will get him the position. Woodcock fields as well as, if not better than, any of the candidates, and plays ball from the word go, but he cannot bat at all, and this will probably necessitate leaving him out unless he improves. Wylie is one of the best hitters of the out-field candidates, and he is therefore a possibility, so are Mackenzie and Payne and Spooner. There are really but two positions open in the nine—right and left field. Either Brooks or A. Young will be put at short, and the other will probably be sent out into the field, as they are both good. The game with Yale, June 18th, will be played on the League Baseball Grounds, N. Y.

The two snow-storms have played hobs with Captain Frothingham's plans for getting the Harvard candidates out. But they are keeping up good stiff practice in the cage, and the men are, with very few exceptions, showing encouraging improvement in their work. Highlands is getting into his form, and putting some astonishing pace on his balls; he is certain to prove a stumbling-block to some of the intercollegiate heavy hitters. His curves appear to be different from those of most pitchers, and altogether too mysterious for pen and ink descriptions. They must be seen to be appreciated. They are not pronounced, and do not take on the beautiful winding course of which we read, but they appear to be very puzzling to the batter. Hovey has been out only one day, and will probably play but one or two games on the proposed trip, beginning April 5th. Trafford will also go on the trip. No choice has yet been made at third; Cook and Whittemore are both good; Bates has returned from Bermuda, and is at work. Besides Hallowell, who is about certain of centre, the most likely candidates for outfield are Payne, Mason, Corbett and Dickinson. The men are all shaping up very nicely, and Harvard will have a hard nine to beat.

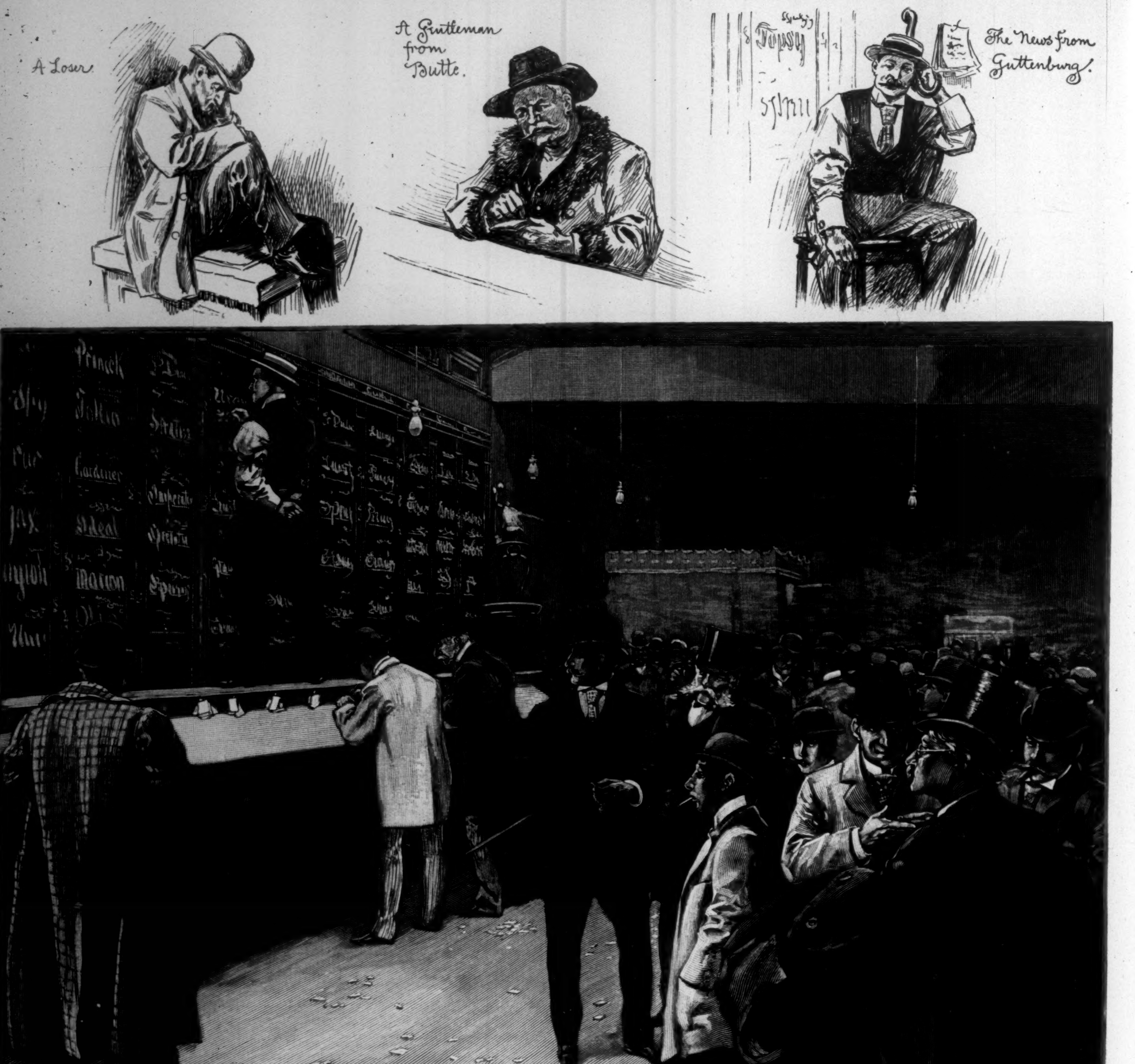
The Yale-Harvard committee under the Deed of Gift of the University Track Athletic Cup is unable to agree on a date for this year's contest. At a meeting held last Thursday evening Yale proposed a later date than that of last year, because the track at New Haven will not be ready in time for the athletes to get into condition. By the Deed, the games must be held between May 1st and July 1st, and each college has the privilege of naming the place in alternate years. Last year it was Cambridge on May 16th; this year it will be New Haven; but upon the point of date the conflict grows warm. Yale, because of her track, wants June 4th; Harvard insists upon May 14th; and neither one is consulting the wishes of respective *alumni*, who like to attend the contests of their teams, whether athletics, baseball, or football.

May 14th is too early, and it is moreover the date of the Princeton-Columbia games in this city; June 4th is the date of the Harvard-Princeton final baseball game in New York. Both these events are certain to draw from the number of spectators at New Haven, and naturally so. Why not choose May 21st, the day of the Princeton-Yale baseball game in New Haven, and make it a gala-day of sport by having the athletic games in the morning? It will be the week before the Intercollegiate championships, and the only Saturday in either May or June that does not have some important event away from New Haven. It's a mistake to have these Yale-Harvard games after the Intercollegiate championships, for then the interest in athletics is over, and we are looking to baseball and New London. We devote May to track athletics, and baseball and crews pretty thoroughly absorb June. To hold these Yale-Harvard games in New Haven on the morning of the 21st would be to bring together a great concourse of Yale-Harvard-Princeton men, and make a day of great sport and jollification. At all events, Harvard should be sportsmanlike enough not to persist on a date that places her rival clearly at a disadvantage, and is of no greater moment to her than any other reasonable date.

The Hasty-pudding Club will be with us of New York April 7th, 8th, and 9th this year at the Manhattan Athletic Club Theatre, which has since last year raised the floor, so that a good view may be had from every seat. We have grown so accustomed to the pleasures which spring and this club afford us that we know we should feel the year somehow had not started as auspiciously as usual were we to be deprived of the Pudding's annual visit. It is to be *The Sphinx; or, Love at Random*, an original operetta in three acts; music by L. S. Thompson, '92; libretto by David Gray, '92. There are no reserved seats, a limited number of admissions only to be sold.

Contrary to expectations, the clubs rolling in the finals of the American Amateur Bowling Union did even better work in the second week's play than in the first. The average game was 843; and the individual average 168, or eight pins more per man than in the preceding week. The high score of the Echo Club, of Brooklyn, 917, still stands as the record, although the Manhattan Athletic Club came very near passing it in Friday night's game, with a score of 909. Baldwin, of the Ivanhoe team, of this city, is high-score man, with 221 pins. The Jersey City Athletic Club's team, champion in 1890 and 1891, is in the lead, followed closely by the Peerless, Echoes, and Phoenix. The games rolled next week will finish up the first half of the tournament.

Caspar W. Whitney.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A Gentleman from Butte.

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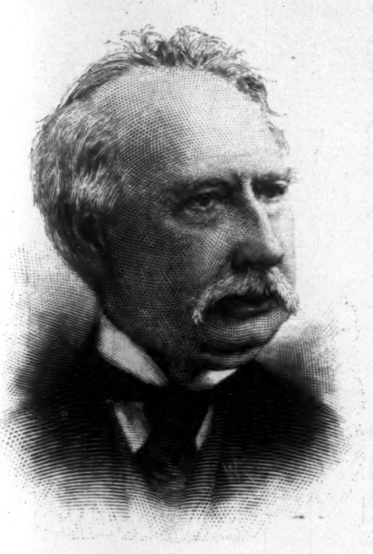
A NEW YORK POOL-ROOM.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 319.]



THE LATE DOCTOR D. H. AGNEW.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.

A MINISTER OF HEALING.

A GREAT surgeon, and, more, a man especially called to the high ministry of healing, passed away last week when Dr. D. Hayes Agnew died in Philadelphia in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

It has been well said that his knowledge of anatomy was such that to him the envelope of flesh and bone which wrapped the vital parts of the human body was like a case of transparent glass. It is on this thorough general knowledge of the work to which he addressed himself that Dr. Agnew's professional fame will rest rather than on the origination of any one great specific operation or on any great alleviatory or curative discovery, such as anæsthetics or the antiseptic treatment, or on the proposition of surgical theories.

He was not a Lister or a Grossenshort. He was Agnew, recognized probably by the majority of his profession as the most expert surgeon of his time. This is high fame, but a higher fame yet is his. It may be said that he always entertained the notion that his profession was a "calling," a ministry, that the healing of his fellow-men was not only the practice of medicine, but a sacred duty. He felt himself in a sense a trustee of his vast knowledge and wonderful skill. He did not regard them as commodities commanding by reason of their rarity the highest market price. He did not, to be blunt, make his fees parallel the inflection of his reputation. It has been said that he had colleagues who complained of him on this account, saying that the small monetary value which he put on his services was a detriment to the whole profession. In these days, when to the popular ear come more stories of the gains than of the cures of the specialist, this is a noticeable and not improbable story.

It is probable that it was in the spirit of his idea of the calling of his profession that he gave to the world one of the most remarkable works in the literature of healing. This is a book of three volumes, each volume containing one thousand pages. Its title is *The Principles and Practices of Surgery*, but it might properly be called "Agnew's Operations," as all its data are drawn from the author's personal experience and observations. The value of such a book, preserving and presenting as it does to the race the life-work of such a recognized authority, can hardly be overrated.

That life-work covered, on April 6, 1888, a period of fifty active years. On that date the semi-centennial anniversary of his graduation was commemorated at a dinner which was attended not only by his eminent Philadelphia colleagues, Drs. William Pepper, J. M. Da Costa, and S. Weir Mitchell, but Drs. Louis A. Sayre, of New York, Hunter Maguire, of Richmond, and John S. Billings, U. S. A., of Washington. The man to whom these men united to do reverence must have had a standing in his profession to which many aspire and which few attain.

As this was the most memorable professional recognition of his eminence, so the most memorable popular recognition was when he was called to Washington in 1881 to perform the operation by which it was hoped to prolong if not to save the life of President Garfield. It is difficult to overrate the responsibility which fell at this juncture upon the great surgeon. There is something of hyperbole but more of truth in that which has been often said, "that when Dr. Bliss handed the knife to Dr. Agnew, the eyes of a nation were on its blade." The track of the assassin's bullet had deceived the doctors, and the great object of the operation was unattained. Nevertheless, the patient was relieved for the time being, his life was prolonged, and the cooling of party passion which the respite brought about made the burden of his successor in office a lighter one to carry.

The cool, hard-headed Scotch-Irish race was the one from which Agnew, like so many other eminent Pennsylvanians, sprang. He was born in Lancaster County on November 24, 1818. His father, Dr. Robert Agnew, was the leading physician of that opulent shire for half a century. The son was educated at Moscow Academy, Chester County, Jefferson College, Cannonsburg, Pennsylvania, and at the college at Newark, Delaware. He was graduated from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania on April 6, 1838. Then he went back to Lancaster, entered the iron business, and, fortunately, failed — fortunately, for Pennsylvania's supply of successful iron-masters is and will be for years to come amply sufficient; the world's stock of eminent surgeons will never be equal to its needs.

He returned to Philadelphia in the early fifties, and there, as a lecturer in the then famous Philadelphia School of Anatomy, laid the foundation of his reputation, and first cultivated those relations with the students under him which have since been noted for the elevating character of their influence upon young men. He was chosen a surgeon of the Philadelphia City Hospital in 1854, and there founded the Pathological Museum. He also established in Philadelphia a School of Operative Surgery. He afterwards served as Surgeon of the Wills Eye Hospital and as Demonstrator of Anatomy and Assistant Lecturer on Clinical Surgery in the University of Pennsylvania. It was not until 1870 that the university accorded him the full recognition of his abilities with the chair of Clinical Surgery, and a year later that of the Principles and Practices of Surgery. He became emeritus professor in 1889. During the war he was consulting surgeon to the staff of forty-seven resident physicians at the great Mower Army Hospital, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia. Here 5000 cases of gunshot wounds daily presented emergencies for his skill to grapple with.

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Water—butt after
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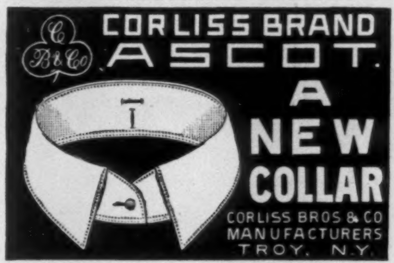
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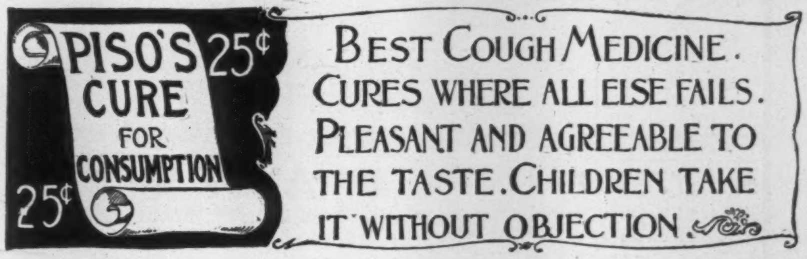
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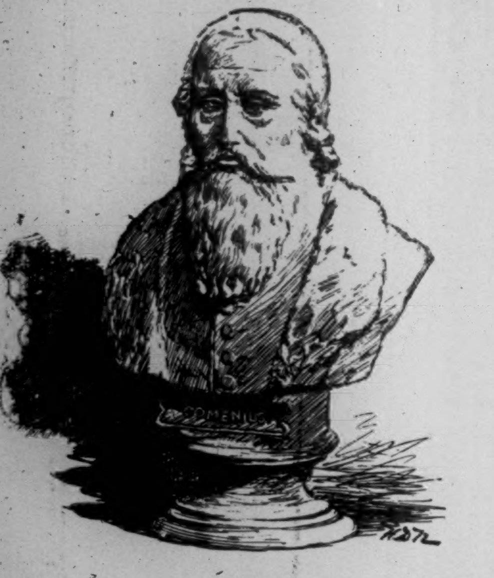

JOHN AMOS COMENIUS (KOMENSKY).

On the 28th of March the three-hundredth anniversary of the great educational reformer, John Amos Comenius was generally observed throughout Europe and the United States. This is a hopeful and significant fact, for it is only comparatively recently that the world has awakened to a knowledge and full appreciation of his work.

We are so accustomed to the child's learning the use of his mother-tongue in preference to a dead or foreign language, to the study of grammar and reading combined, of history and geography and the sciences, to the teaching of language as the vehicle of thought, to the grading of school-work to adapt it to the age and abilities of the pupil, to the coeducation of boys and girls, etc., that we have come to consider these things as mere natural conditions and commonplaces, and fail to give proper credit to him who first advocated their adoption in our systems of education. Previous to Comenius's day the curriculum of the schools had been mainly Latin, and in Latin.

Our public-school system is but an incomplete evolution of the plans of Comenius, which provided that an education was to be given to every child, whether rich or poor, high or low, simply because "he or she is a human being," and because the sum total of human happiness is thus increased. He advocated that very young children be specially trained—an idea which is now embodied in the kindergarten. He favored the inculcation of a general knowledge of the trades and the mechanic arts—our modern manual-training school. He desired to introduce singing and gymnastics—in short, to make school-work pleasant as well as profitable to the pupil. Do our modern educators offer anything better? Indeed, his methods of discipline are superior to those in vogue even to-day, for he governed by his work, by trying to make the acquisition of knowledge a pleasure instead of drudgery to the pupil. When we compare the work of this grand teacher with the efforts of our educators, we marvel at the advanced position which he occupied, and our admiration of the man increases as we note the circumstances under which he labored.

Comenius, or Komensky, as the name should be written, was born at Nivnitz, in Moravia. Left an orphan at twelve, he was sixteen years of age before his education was fairly begun. This in itself was fortunate, for he was old enough to appreciate the defects of the scholastic methods then in vogue, and he left school with a decided appreciation of its shortcomings, coupled with a desire to remove the existing evils. The profession which he chose for himself was that of the ministry in the Moravian Brethren's Church, to qualify himself for which he spent some time in the study of theology at the universities of Herborn and Heidelberg. Later in life he became the chief bishop of the Church, in which his name is still cherished with affection and reverence. But in the age in which he lived there was but little inducement for the cultivation of the peaceful arts. Europe was shaken by the Thirty Years' War, and no country suffered more the evil consequences of that war than did unfortunate Moravia, thousands of whose best citizens were driven into exile.

Comenius himself was forced to flee from his parish at Fulnek, in 1621, by those who misruled his beloved country, and to spend the remainder of his life in exile; yet he never ceased to hope that the day would come when he might again return to his people, and this hope encouraged him in the work which he was enabled to carry on with remarkable success in Poland, Germany, Hungary, Sweden, England, and Holland. Unsettled as he was, he yet accomplished wonderful results in the field of education, and the graduates of his high-schools were sought after as teachers all over Protestant Europe. Among the numerous works written by him in his native Bohemian tongue, the most important was *The Great Didactic* ("The Great Art of Teaching"), which has been translated into German. He died in Holland in 1671. That his labors as a teacher are at length appreciated, that the memory of his efforts, both as a reformer and a patriot, is cherished by his countrymen, is evident from the fact that they have generally celebrated the three-hundredth anniversary of his birth both in Europe and America. Among these celebrations, which were in all cases accompanied by appropriate exercises, the most noteworthy in this country were those in New York city, Chicago, Omaha, Milwaukee, St. Louis, and Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association celebrated the anniversary by appropriate exercises at its meeting in Brooklyn, New York, on the 18th of February. A memorial service was celebrated at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, the chief seat of the American Moravian Brethren.

Of interest to Americans is this passage from Cotton Mather's *Magnalia:* "That brave old man, Johannes Amos Comenius, the fame of whose worth hath been trumpeted as far as more than three languages (whereas every one is indebted unto his *Janua*) could carry it, was indeed agreed withal by our Mr. Winthrop in his travels through the Low Countries to come over into New England and illuminate this [Harvard] college and country, in the quality of President, but the solicitations of the Swedish Ambassador diverting him another way, that incomparable Moravian became not an American."

His only English biographer, Professor Laurie, says of him: "Comenius remains for us the most earnest and simple-hearted worker for the education of the people, and the most eminent writer on Method whom the world has ever seen—in fact, the founder of Method."

THAT LITTLE HAND

So soft an' helpless an' purty, a-holdin' on to me,
That little hand's about the nicest thing I ever see!
An' the young one hangin' back'ards (he's such a little one),
An' makin' me stoop to his questions 'bout everything under the sun.

An' time, wuth so much to a farmer, goin' lickety split!
An' I lazin' 'round with a baby! How foolish a man can git!
Them little fingers, slick an' pink as the roses out in the bed,
Make me tingle an' creep all over, an' glad to be druv round an' led.

They hold onto me so trustin', as if I'd allus do right:
I tell you I'm on my honor when that little chap's in sight.
It's a temptin' world, but whatever a man might do alone,
The love of right sprouts in him when he has a child of his own.

Why, when I'm up to the swearin' pint, them fingers on my cheek
Stroke down the ugly temper till I'm blamed if I can speak.
There's somethin' curus in 'em, an' in his big blue eyes:
They make me kinder pity folks I use' ter hate an' despise.

How they stretch out of a 'mornin', afore you can fairly see,
In search of poppy's whiskers for a little early spree!
To be started up when a man's so tired he don't know what he's about
Would make any one but a dad as mad as all git out.

An' then at night they go creepin' into my big rough fist,
An' the fair little face is put up to be patted an' cuddled an' kist;
An' the purty shoulders slip out o' the frock—he hain't no mother, you see;
It's nigh three years sence she died an' left him to me.

An' when I git round to turn in, there he lies asleep in his nest.
I can't help drawin' him clost an' huggin' him up to my breast.
An' he wakes just enough to say "poppy," an' slip his hand into mine,
An' his touch goes through my veins like a drink o' strong wine.

Mary Frances Butts.

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NO SIDE SLIP.
WILL HOLD AIR.
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FREE TO BOYS AND GIRLS UNDER 18.
A safety bicycle on very easy conditions.
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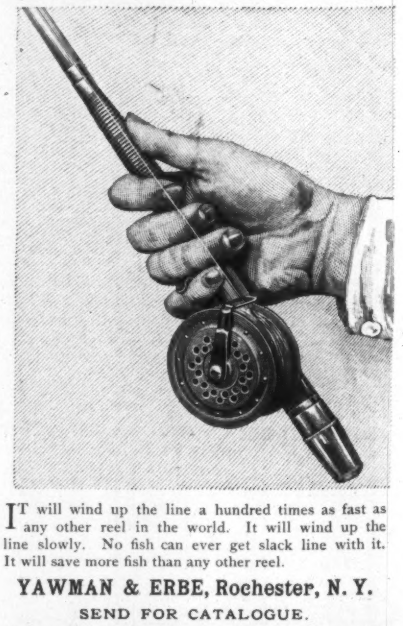

It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world. It will wind up the line slowly. No fish can ever get slack line with it. It will save more fish than any other reel.
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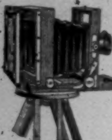

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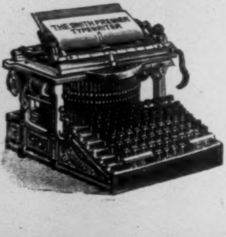

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Tones the system, makes the weak strong.

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CUTICURA SOAP

Most effective skin-purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest of toilet and nursery soaps. The only medicated **Toilet** soap, and the only preventive and cure of facial and baby blemishes, because the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the *cause* of minor affections of the skin, scalp, and hair. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin and complexion soaps. Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

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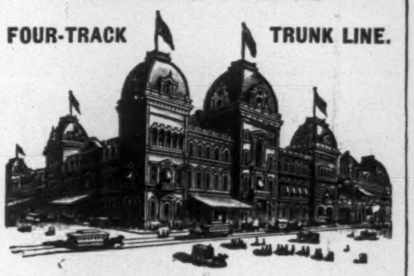

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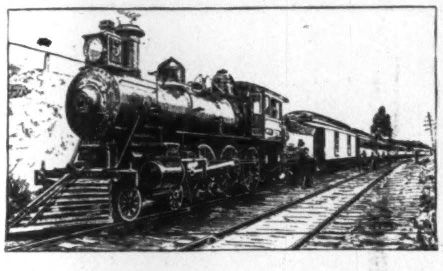

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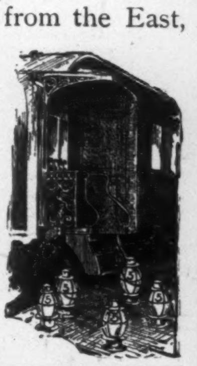

The "Big Five" leaves Chicago at 10 P.M., one hour after arrival of Eastern trains, arriving at Omaha next day at noon, Denver 7.40 in the morning—the traveller being out but one day and two nights, instead of two days and one night. The next time you are going West try the "Big Five."

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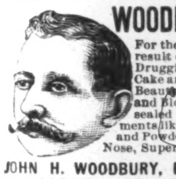

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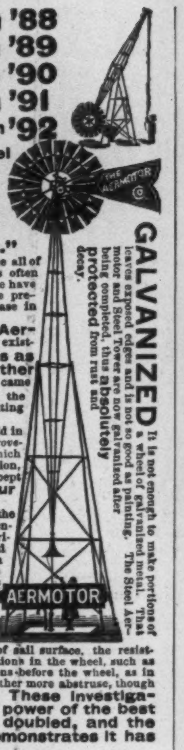
De Miel's Health Biscuit, advertised in "Harper's Magazine" for March, brings strength to the weak.

45 sold in '88
2,288 sold in '89
6,268 sold in '90
20,049 sold in '91
60,000 will be sold in '92



A Steel Windmill and Steel Tower every 3 minutes. ☞ **These figures tell the story of the ever-growing, ever-going, everlasting Steel Aermotor. Where one goes others follow, and we "take the country."** Though sold, we were unable to make all of the 20,049 Aermotors in '91. Orders often waited 8 weeks to be filled, but now we have vastly increased our plant and are prepared promptly to plant our increase in every habitable portion of the globe.

Are you curious to know how the **Aermotor Co.** in the 4th year of its existence, came to make **many times as many windmills as all other makers combined?** How we came to originate the Steel Wheel, the Steel Fixed Tower, the Steel Tilting Tower?

1st. We commenced in a field in which there had been no *improvement for 25 years*, and in which there seemed no talent or ambition, and none has yet been shown except in *feeble* **imitation of our inventions.**

2d. Before commencing the manufacture, exhaustive scientific investigation and experiments were made by a skilled mechanical engineer, in which over 5,000 dynamometric tests were made on 61 different forms of wheels, propelled by artificial and therefore uniform wind, which settled definitely many questions relating to the proper speed of wheel, the best form, angle, curvature and amount of sail surface, the resistance of air to rotation, obstructions in the wheel, such as heavy wooden arms, obstructions before the wheel, as in the vaneless mill, and many other more abstruse, though not less important questions. **These investigations proved that the power of the best wind wheels could be doubled, and the AERMOTOR daily demonstrates it has been done.**

3d. To the liberal policy of the Aermotor Co., that guarantees its goods satisfactory or pays freight both ways, and to the enormous output of its factory which enables it to furnish the best article at less than the poorest is sold for. For '92 we furnish the **most perfect bearings** ever put in a windmill, and have made an **exhaustive revision of the Aermotor and Towers.**

If you want a strong, stiff, Steel **Fixed** Tower—or if you want the tower you don't have to climb (the Steel **Tilting** Tower) and the Wheel that runs when all others stand stil that costs you less than wood and lasts ten times as long (The Steel Aermotor) or if you want a Geared Aermotor to churn, grind, cut feed, pump water, turn grindstone and saw wood, that does the work of 4 horses at the cost of one ($100), write for copiously illustrated printed matter, showing every conceivable phase of windmill construction and work, to the **AERMOTOR CO.** 12th and Rockwell Sts., Chicago, or 12 Main St., San Francisco.

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The Aermotor Pneumatic Water Supply System enables you to supply every part of your house with water without an Elevated Tank.

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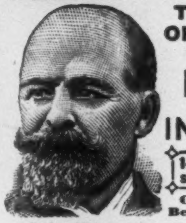
NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, 3 EAST 4th ST., N. Y.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM



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Special Poudre de Riz

Prepared with bismuth by *CH. FAY, Perfumer*, 9, r. de la Paix, Paris

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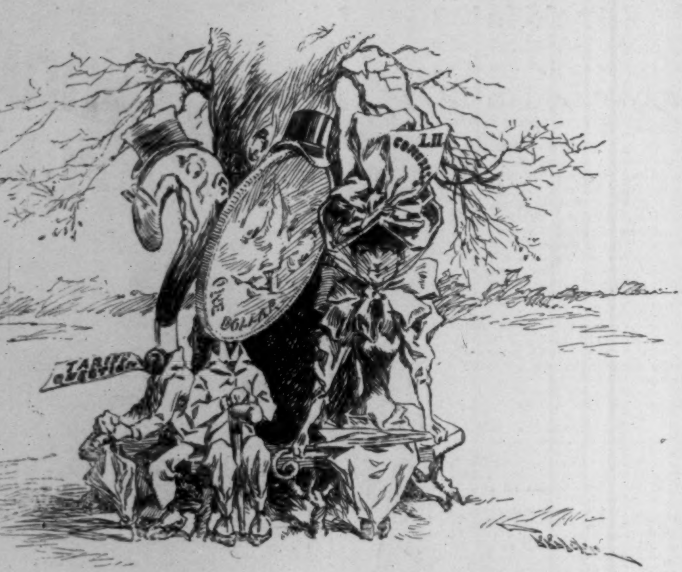

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Is Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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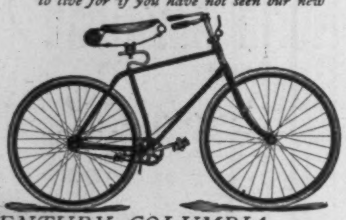

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A perfect light Lead Pencil and Pencil Point Protector combined.

250 Lights without Change.
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In Nickel on receipt of 25 cents.

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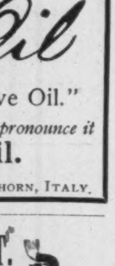

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N. Y Times, Mar. 10, '92.

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33 UNION SQUARE
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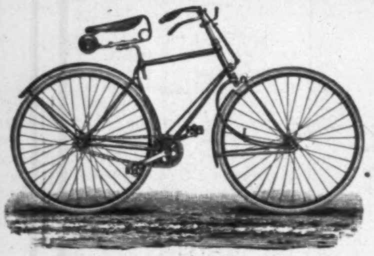

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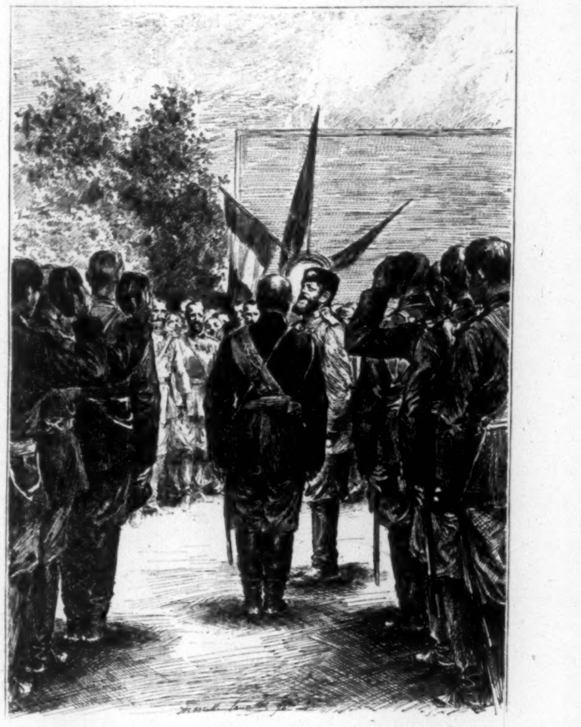
St. PETERSBURG

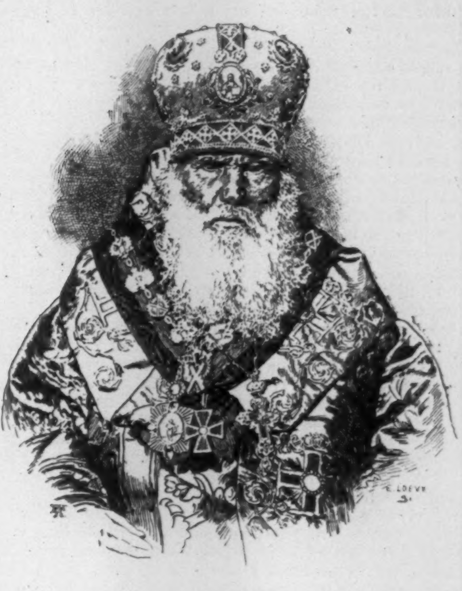
BY E. M. DE VOGÜÉ.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER thinks that every country should be visited in its most characteristic season — Spain when it is broiling hot beneath the burning sun; Russia when it is wrapt in its shroud of snow. This opinion is open to discussion with regard to the provinces of Russia, which present one dreary monotony from the Black Sea to the Arctic Ocean. But, as far as St. Petersburg is concerned, Gautier's aphorism needs no contradiction, for it is a jewel the whole value of which is not seen except when it is set in its rim of dull silver. Empty and lifeless in the summer, the town wakes to life with the first snows, when sledging makes traffic easy, and the ice has made bridges unnecessary, the Neva and its canals being for six months one solid mass of ice. In the streets, the shops, and the drawing-rooms of St. Petersburg, men of every degree are roused to fresh activity just when, in the natural course of things, they would sink into torpor. Life seems to increase in activity as a direct result of the rigors of the climate.



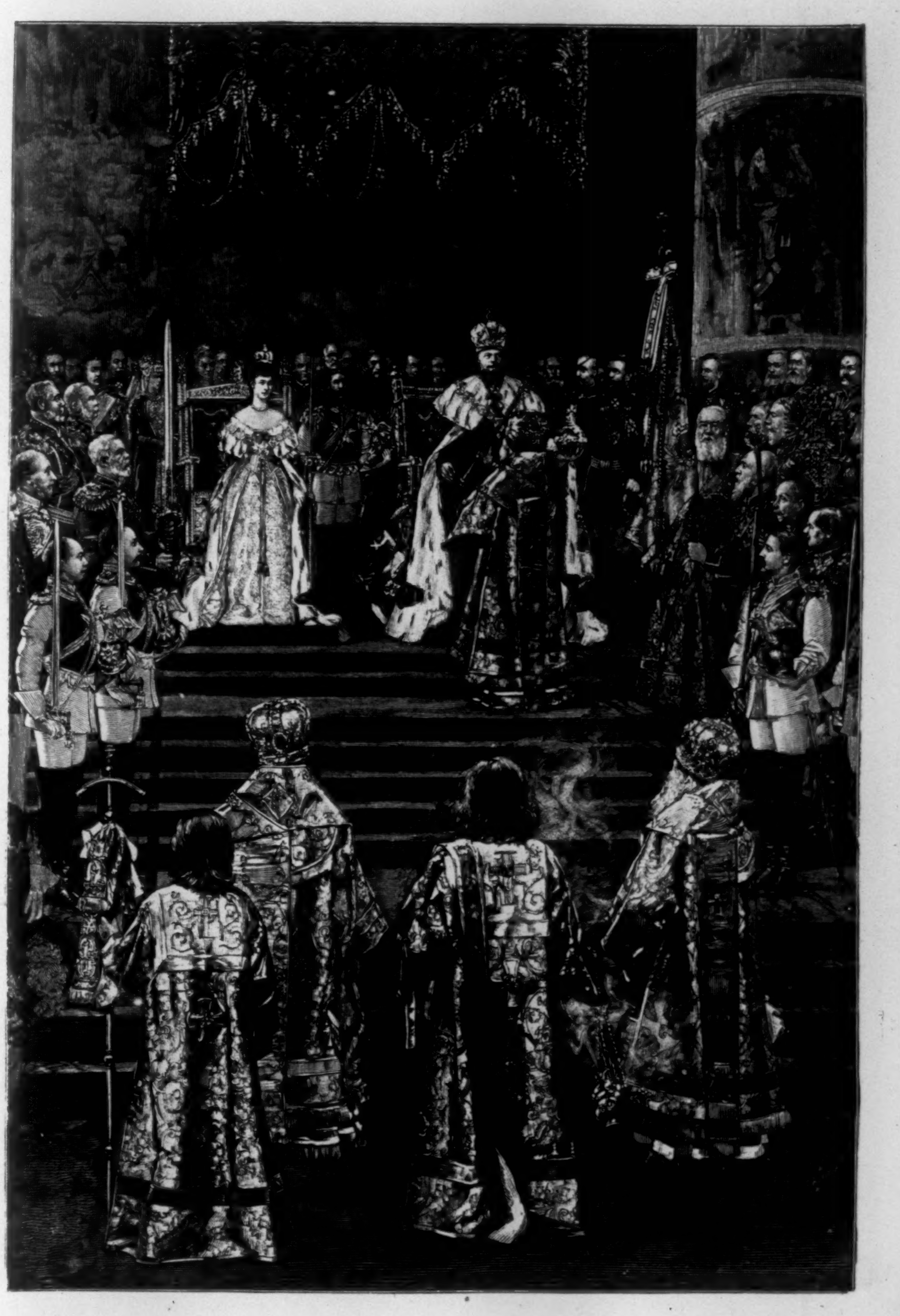
"GOOD-MORNING, CHILDREN!"

From the German frontier the traveller has rolled over one monotonous undulating plain, between marshes and pine forests, with here and there a lonely, poverty-stricken village, with low thatched houses breaking the long white lines with a black patch. Nothing else meets the weary eye; on every side is a lifeless country, without light, without form or color, beneath a dull leaden sky that oppresses the soul with a feeling of gloom. Not until the last moment is there anything in these vast solitary districts to warn the traveller of his approach to the capital. All of a sudden, before the train, as it flings aside the snow, rises the Palmyra of the North, with its golden cupolas and gleaming churches. Beneath the light of a pale copper-colored sun, which is above the horizon but for a few hours a day, we get into sledges and glide rapidly over the hard snow carpet in the streets. We pass first through the industrial quarters, between lofty houses with hermetically sealed double windows. These wide suburbs are not particularly clean, and we might fancy ourselves still in Berlin but for the type of artisans we see going in and out of the shops in their sheepskin garments. Our equipage crosses the three concentric canals connected with the Neva, which Peter the Great had made when he was fresh from Amsterdam. He wanted his new capital to rival that of Holland, and he built it, as Amsterdam was built, upon a forest of piles in the midst of the marshes of Finland, where he wished to concentrate the commerce of the North. Here we are in the heart of the city, in the Nevski Prospekt, or Neva Perspective, the great triumphal road, which takes its name from the monastery from which it starts, the Lavra of St. Alexander Nevski, which is a sanctuary consecrated to relics of heroes



A POPE.

(*Continued on page 332.*)



THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR.

Note.—"Paris," the first paper of the series entitled "Capitals of the World," was published in No. 1837 of Harper's Weekly.

THE LAST MAID.

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON.

In the neighborhood of the Second Avenue, lodged in a fork of the elevated, is a trim scrap of green fenced all about with a lacy weft of iron. An air of quiet and forgetfulness lurks in the square. The noises of the long, loud city reach it with a stifled accent. It is like a smooth still spot on the surface of a rushing stream, apparently unaware of currents, and occupied merely in giving back to the sky its calm face.

The front windows of The Lanasley look across the little park at a sleepy old church just beyond, the steeple of which points up in a sharply orthodox fashion with the austerity of a good man who has nodded during prayers, and is sternly downing the remembrance.

Mrs. Lahorn Blake approved the church. It looked independent, and its subdued browns hinted at an age when people were not past rejoicing at rights which they had won with wit and steel. She was not, however, as fond of the two old red brick houses near it. Observing them from her rooms in the second floor of The Lanasley, she was unable to understand why fan shapes of yellow slats should have been let in below their peaked roofs. They served no purpose. If they were in way of decoration, they failed of their object, and Mrs. Lahorn Blake was glad of it.

To her the æsthetic meant whatever was ingenuously contrived to catch dust and attract the eye of childhood or idiocy. There was nothing decorative in her own quarters, which consisted in two very big high-ceiled rooms, the windows of which glanced coldly through lace curtains hanging in stiff pleats from massive black cornices resembling cast iron. The general aspect of the apartment was memorial. Wherever the eye roved, it struck marble. A gleaming slab jutted from the base of a tall mirror, and other tablets frostily topped the toilet stands and tables.

When there was a fire in the grate below the void white mantel, it burned with the chastened blue flame of a lamp hung in a tomb. Except the plush chairs, nothing suggested softness, an effect which even in this instance proved illusory, and was harshly dispelled at the instant of contact with their leaden stuffing.

Mrs. Lahorn Blake's rooms were much like others in The Lanasley, which called itself a hotel, but invited no transient custom. Its newest guest, a youngish man with sloping shoulders and a mincing gait, had come five years before, and was still used by Mrs. Lahorn Blake with a probationary politeness.

In the annals of a house which has boarders of twenty years' standing, a matter of five years makes no figure at all. Folk who came to The Lanasley seldom went away. It was as if some poppied influence breathed round the narrow corridors, sweeping the bulging frescoes, and settling down upon the stranger, holding him fast till he was as faded as the carpets and door-hangings, and as shaky of frame as certain chairs in remote corners of the parlor.

The longer he staid, the more completely the spirit of the place stultified him to its disadvantages. His discomforts became his element, and it was a common thing of a cold morning to see elderly gentlemen of retired fortunes reading their papers in the long dingy parlor, their toes cheerfully directed toward registers which whiffed out gusts suggesting a crypt rather than a furnace.

Mr. Lanasley himself, a gentle old man whose courtly manner and frilled linen belonged to another generation, sat always in a little room off that part of the front hall which had a keyboard, and was called the office. He generally revealed himself as nodding over his black choker, but he woke on the instant of address, and with apt and gracious words granted any request. It was true he went straightway to sleep again, and never by chance remembered anything he had promised; but people who had reason to complain of a lack of towels forgave his remissness for the sake of his polished excuses on being reminded—all, except Mrs. Lahorn Blake, that is. She gave ear to no apology when things went a little awry.

"I know what is due me, and I exact it," said Mrs. Lahorn Blake, as she sat at her table in the warmest end of the narrow dining-room.

The cold tongue had run out, and Mrs. Lahorn Blake was expressing her views to the head waiter, a portly black man, whose bearing was that of one accustomed to the pomp which waits on princes.

"Aigs cooked any way you please, madam," he suggested, as a compromise, deferentially inclining a profile which was perpendicular from brow to nose bridge, and again from nostril to chin, the two sections joined by a short horizontal line.

Mrs. Lahorn Blake cast herself back in the chair. "No, Jefferson," she said; "no, I will *not* have eggs. I will have tongue. The fact that there is none left is not a matter for my consideration. Tongue is included in this *menu*. I have ordered it. I propose to have it. Where you get it is nothing to me. I intend to have my rights." She added, sternly, "Either I am to be treated with proper consideration, or I shall report things at the office."

"Yes, madam," said Jefferson, humbly.

He carried matters with a high hand among the boarders in general, but he succumbed to Mrs. Lahorn Blake. She was a woman of years and importance, and seemed as if modelled from something less flimsy and irresponsible than the ordinary stuff of humanity. Her ample curves had a granite rigor; her little gray eyes might have stared under the brows of a marble; her very hair, smoothly banded, was like plates of steel and coils of cable.

"I'll see what kin be done," added the head waiter. "Marcella! a glass of water for Mrs. Lahorn Blake."

The name was new, and Mrs. Lahorn Blake looked up. "Who is this?" she demanded, as a girl in a white apron and cap came forward, visibly trembling.

"The new maid," explained Jefferson, bowing.

The maids at The Lanasley had various duties, and were generally Swedes, of big bone and wholesome complexion, their light hair twisted back. One of them had lately married. This accounted for Marcella, who appeared to Mrs. Lahorn Blake's unprejudiced eye as quite a young girl, with a hollow figure, which seemed less round at the shoulders than bent forward above the waist line.

Her big eyes were of the color of damson plums, and like them seemed overcast with a certain milky dimness which made them look vacant. Flat, frail wrists showed in her scant sleeves. Behind her neck a great awkward roll of silvery brown hair had a look of keeping her head up by sheer force of ponderosity. As she set the glass down, some of the water spilled.

"That will do," said Mrs. Lahorn Blake, folding her hands. "You need not wait on me again, Marcella. I am not here to be practised on by untrained servants. Send me Christine."

The other boarders regarded the new maid with commiserating curiosity. They hoped she would assume the usual attitude of the offended wage-earner, but Marcella made no attempt to assert herself. She only shrank away, her sagging cheeks reddening as she caught her breath.

Mrs. Lahorn Blake had expected impudence. It was a theory of hers that all servants are impudent, and must be instigated at the very first to show their quality, that they may be firmly crushed once for all and done with it. She was taken aback at Marcella's failure to be saucy.

"I hate spiritless people," thought Mrs. Lahorn Blake; "they are like bugs which defy you with their flatness."

One day as she came down stairs, a figure on its knees scrubbing the strip of wood along the hall carpet impeded her way. The smell of brown soap arose, and the sound of a swishing brush as Marcella swung it in limp half-circles. Her back, sharp with the lift of shoulder-blades, was toward Mrs. Lahorn Blake, who drew up on the padded step just as the girl, with a sudden breath, leaned against the wall, supporting herself on the brush, which flattened and oozed. Her eyes were shut, and there was too much color in her cheeks, and at the side of her neck Mrs. Lahorn Blake saw a strange little fluttering.

"Are you ill?" she demanded, severely.

Marcella started and fell to scrubbing. "No, 'm," she muttered, "I—was only tired."

Mrs. Lahorn Blake gave a sound specifically denoting disbelief and disapproval. "You're not able to do that work," she said; "you're all run down. What made you take such a position? Why don't you go to a hospital and get set to rights? That's where sick people belong. I don't like to see them about, trying to keep up."

Marcella rubbed the soap over her brush. "You needn't look at me unless you want to," she said, in a very low voice.

Mrs. Lahorn Blake's face responded to a spiritual sensation which resembled the leap of a coiled spring. "Do you dare address such remarks to me?" she asked, in a resounding tone. It echoed through the passage like iron striking flint, and sparks flew from her eyes. "I shall report you at the office," she pursued, majestically gathering her black silk skirts about her.

Further down the stairs she met a woman in a street gown.

"Pardon me for not seeing you, Miss Hinton," she said, coming rather suddenly upon this person. "That new maid—that Marcella—has disturbed me. I am on my way to advise Mr. Lanasley of her misconduct—the impudent thing! I propose to exact what is due me in this house. I have been here fifteen years. If I cannot be ensured perfect courtesy on the part of the service, I shall pack my trunks at once."

"*You* don't say!" said the other woman, in whose conciliating face age and cosmetics debated under cover of a white-specked veil. "I *am* surprised! Marcella does my room very nicely. Indeed, I found her unusually willing; she would run her legs off for me, if I would let her. A poor sickly thing!"

"She ought to be at the hospital," vociferated Mrs. Lahorn Blake.

"She really ought," agreed the other; "indeed, yes. She was a seamstress, she told me; but running the machine hurt her back, so she had to stop. An orphan," added Miss Hinton, in an explanatory voice, as if this fact accounted for Marcella's lack of fibre. "She comes from some little town, I can't remember the name. Well, New York is *not* the place for country girls to get along in." She smoothed her gloves, her trained skirt making her look oddly tall as it went down stairs behind her. "The cap, you know! Marcella wept before she put it on. *Did* you ever hear anything so silly?"

"I shall report her," repeated Mrs. Lahorn Blake, as if she scented a scheme of baffling this design.

"Oh, if she is inclined to talk back, yes;" assented Miss Hinton, with a pretty air of youthful compliance. "I only say she has been very nice to *me*."

"Perhaps you fee her?" debated Mrs. Lahorn Blake, unconscious of the precise tone of her remark. "*I* never fee servants. They are paid for their services. I do not ask as a favor or seek to obtain by bribes what is mine in all justice." She went on her way to visit a children's hospital in which she was interested, weekly scaring the patients out of their seven senses.

At the office she paused. Mr. Lanasley could be seen dreaming over his expanded thumbs, a stray sunbeam powdering his scant locks.

"Perhaps," thought Mrs. Lahorn Blake, listening to the far-off lilt of a hand-organ—"perhaps she will apologize. I never wish to act rashly. I will wait a day or two."

But though Marcella must have known that her obliquity had not been laid bare to the authorities, she made no effort as the days went by to conciliate Mrs. Lahorn Blake.

One morning, hearing a limp rap at her white six-panelled door, Mrs. Lahorn Blake, having said "Come!" in a voice of interdiction, looked up and saw Marcella. The new maid was clutching a broom and dust-pan. She was breathing fast.

"I was sent to do your rooms," she advanced, desperately. "Christine's sick."

Mrs. Lahorn Blake rose. Her purple silk gown rose with her, and stood like buckram, apparently without support from the figure inside.

"Leave me," she said, deeply, one arm slowly moving upward in a superb gesture of dismissal. "Go. I am not to be imposed on. I have not told Mr. Lanasley of your conduct, but I want you to understand that you can never perform any service for me."

The dust-pan suddenly shelved up before Marcella's face. Her form seemed as if shaking, and Mrs. Lahorn Blake heard a sob.

"Oh, please let me do your rooms," gasped the girl. "They'll send me off if you don't, and I haven't any place to go to."

"The hospital—"

"No," cried Marcella, dropping the broom—"no, no! I'll never go till I'm carried. I'd sooner die. It's charity. I can work. I—"

"I have no time to witness theatrical displays," said Mrs. Lahorn Blake. "I shall have to ask you to close my door. There is a draught."

Marcella standing sobbing outside was softly called by Miss Hinton, whose head in a doorway hard by steamed a little above a curling-iron.

"What did she say to you, Marcella? Hateful old witch! Don't *you* care. No one minds her. She's savage." She patted Marcella's thin arm with her free hand. "I'll stand by you! And, Marcella, would you mind bringing me some hot water and a glass of milk? Ah! thank you. And I should like to have my closet cleaned out to-day, and some coal fetched, please."

Among Mrs. Lahorn Blake's practices was the occasional carriage of flowers to her sick children. Once a month she left an order with a florist, and on a certain day along in January, the roses having come, she was arranging them in nosegays. She never presented loose flowers. She would as soon have thought of sending a gift by express without prepaying it.

It was a chill day, and the sky looked white behind the indented roof line of the rows of brick houses. The grass in the square had a sallow tone, and the wind-swept walks seemed unusually light of color. The two old houses near the sleepy church, the monotonous range of high porches, a coupé drawn up at a curb, its driver statuesque in a big-buttoned green livery, a man pushing a handcart—all this contributed to Mrs. Lahorn Blake's sense of home.

She was a New-Yorker by birth and instincts. The roar of the city was as sweet to her as the song of birds to the country-bred. She was aware of feeling very well satisfied with her outlook on the human scene as she took up her roses one by one, tying each with a geranium leaf and a smilax sprig, against which the flowers had an air of smiling discomfort, like the faces of folk whose heads are held fast in a photographer's apparatus. She tightened a narrow ribbon about the stems, whereupon each rose at once lolled over with a sudden effect of choking.

Mrs. Lahorn Blake, not being subject to vagrant impressions, regarded the array with gratification as she laid them in a long wicker basket and put on her wraps. There were soulless women who would have disliked to walk down the street carrying a very big basket, but Mrs. Lahorn Blake was comfortably aware of not being one of them.

She went down stairs, holding the basket well before her, that nobody might suspect her of trying to conceal it. And as she came into the lower hall, it struck her that some unwonted bustle was forward in the place.

The Lanasley was commonly very quiet. There were no children, no musicians, no one of sufficient liveliness to make a stir in its old walls, so that Mrs. Lahorn Blake was surprised at the confused sounds stealing up from the basement. At the turn of the baluster she encountered Jefferson striding toward the door, his hat jammed over his glossy black brows, his speed that of a man who goes for his life.

"May I inquire the reason of this unseemly haste?" asked Mrs. Lahorn Blake. "It is most remarkable to find a servant hurling himself out at this rate."

"It's her," protested Jefferson; "that Marcella. She's went to work and fell off a stepladder and broke her laig. That's her a-screaming. I'm after an ambulance." He bolted out.

Mrs. Lahorn Blake stood with an abstracted look. "It is very odd," she debated, "but some providential affliction seems always to overtake those who have treated me with injustice or discourtesy."

Marcella herself was lying where she had fallen, below one of the dining-room windows. An overturned stepladder and bucket lay hard by, and a pool of soapy water caught iridescent colors as it spread on the stone floor. Several of the Swedes were trying to lift her. At every touch she cried out. Her dense hair marked the paleness of her face, and her lips looked blue.

Miss Hinton, with a pair of long gloves in her hand, bent over the girl. "Oh!" she said—"oh, Marcella, *you* poor child! But they'll fix the limb all right at the hospital."

Marcella moaned, her cheek dropping against the floor.

"Of course there's no other way," said Miss Hinton. "You won't mind it, once you're there. I wish I could do something for you, but I'm late for the recital now." She tripped away.

Mrs. Lahorn Blake coming into the room looked down at Marcella sternly, and pushed away the girl who was lifting Marcella's head. "Marcella," she said.

The girl gave her a wild glance. "Don't come near me," she panted. "Don't let her come near me."

"Marcella," repeated Mrs. Lahorn Blake, "listen. You do not understand me; few do. I am not easily comprehended. But you will like me better when you know me. Christine!"

"Yes, 'm?"

"Make up a cot in my room. I am going to have Marcella taken up. I am going to nurse her."

Marcella turned, staring, her hand outstretched and shaking. "You—you—"

"That is all right," said Mrs. Lahorn Blake, patting the cold little fingers. "I haven't liked the way you look at me, Marcella—as if I had beaten you. No, Marcella; I know what is due me. I am worthy something other than fear and hate, and I mean to have it." And as she helped to lift the small figure, she added, in rather a terrible voice, "I do not request your affection, Marcella—I demand it!"

THE OPERA SEASON.

The season of opera which has just closed in New York has been a remarkable one in many respects. After seven years of so-called "German" opera, the directors determined to go out of the "show business," so to speak, and resume the rôle of landlords, casting aside that of *impresarii*. When it was announced last spring that German opera was to be shelved for an indefinite period, there arose such a howl of indignation, such a wail of anguish from the maddened and grief-stricken champions of Wagnerism *in esse*, that many conservative opera-goers, who chanced to love music for itself, almost concluded that opera, grand opera, in any form had been buried out of sight forever. And there resulted from this a determined onslaught upon the change of programme. The Triple Alliance was torn asunder, and the battalions of Wilhelm threw themselves in a frenzy upon the advancing legions of Umberto!

An operatic war is not a novelty; that which has smouldered and flickered and flared since the edict went forth declaring the compact with Abbey and Grau means simply that history has repeated itself once more. It raged in London between the disciples of Handel and the followers of Bononcini, and tore asunder in strange antagonisms the *beau monde* of Paris when the Gluckists and Piccinists disputed the rival claims of their respective gods to the chief place upon high Olympus.

After all is said and done, how well the old verse fits the occasion:

> "Some say, compared to Bononcini,
> That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
> Others aver that he to Handel
> Is scarcely fit to hold a candle;
> Strange all this difference should be
> 'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee!"

At the outset it is just as well to remember a radical difference that exists between the directors and Messrs. Abbey and Grau or any other *impresarii*. The former aimed to manage their season so as to come out with as little loss as possible, whereas Messrs. Abbey and Grau, *et al.*, being men of business, whose affair it is to make money out of their ventures, aim to secure as large a profit as can be gotten out of their opera season. Such being the case, they stand upon entirely different grounds. Both have made mistakes artistically as well as financially; but more has been expected of Messrs. Abbey and Grau, because their business is that of *impresarii*, and their shortcomings have resultantly been severely scored. Some allowance must be made, however, for the fact that a new orchestra had to be trained, under a new leader, and, to a large extent, a new chorus. In these last respects, it must be frankly admitted, there has been some work done for which no excuse can be accepted. Just at this point let me ask, when are we to have a permanent opera-house chorus and orchestra, the members of both bodies engaged by the year, the chorus to sing all operas in English, irrespective of the language used by the principals?

Now, millionaires, here is your *golden* opportunity to establish grand opera upon a permanent footing. No matter the language or the scheme for the season, there, ready to hand, would be a trained body of supernumeraries, thoroughly schooled in all the best works, irrespective of Wagnerism or Italianissimi. There would then be an *ensemble* worthy of the cause. There is always to be remembered that in Continental Europe grand opera is a state institution. A subvention of $200,000 a season in Paris is a regulation item in the Budget. In other capitals, except possibly St. Petersburg, it is less; but then opera in Berlin or Vienna costs considerably less. German singers, except when they come to the United States, do not receive $500 or $1000 a night.

Mr. Stanton, in an admirable article in the *North American Review* for February, on "The Opera," expresses himself in favor of opera in the vernacular. Once establish the chorus, the principals will follow readily enough. Of the prime donne of the Abbey and Grau company, Mesdames Albani, Nordica, Van Zandt, and Eames are to the manner born; Madame Lehman could easily follow suit and sing in English; so too could Messrs. Jean and Edouard de Reszké and Herr Kalisch. I make this plea for opera in English in the hope that by its adoption all rivalry between German and Italian factions may disappear. The true American public (why talk of the German element in music—are they not good Americans? and if not, why are they here?) demands a catholicity and *charity* of taste in its music. It is eager under all circumstances to worship in the most approved Teutonic fashion the mighty genius of Richard Wagner, and yet be permitted to shout *hosannah* to Mozart, Beethoven, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Gounod, and Verdi.

It has been proved again most conclusively that a European reputation is not a *sine qua non*—that it will be duplicated in New York. The Ravoglis have done practically nothing here. Miss Van Zandt, winsome as is her personality and vocalism, has found the frame too large; her operas are too small, and the house too big. Place this little lady at the head of an opera company of her own, singing in houses of the average size, and her success would be on a par with that she has achieved in Europe. It is, too, a thousand pities that Miss Van Zandt did not appear earlier in the New York season in *Lakmé*. She seems to be thoroughly at home in this part, which she created nine years ago in Paris, and her success in the rôle amounted to a genuine ovation.

Madame Lehman has once more asserted the majestic quality of her art. It is immaterial to this great artiste whether she is cast for Brünnhilda or Filina; she is always earnest, artistic, and conscientious. Of the ladies of the company, Madame Emma Eames must indeed be accorded the first place. Although but in the third year of her operatic experience, she evinces an uncommon dramatic intelligence and a vocal training that are both above praise. Madame Eames has been heralded as the "coming" dramatic soprano. This is a mistake. She has already captured first place. In most of her rôles she has been pitted against the greatest artists of the company, and has divided the honors upon all occasions. In this connection it is well to state that the great success of the season has been *Faust*. This always popular opera has never been cast or sung in this country as it has been by the Abbey and Grau company. Jean de Reszké as Faust, Edouard de Reszké as Mephistopheles, M. Lassalle as Valentino, Madame Scalchi as Siebel, and Madame Eames as Margherita make an *ensemble* of great artists cast for one opera this generation of opera-goers may never see equalled. That Madame Eames more than held her own in this great performance tells the story of her triumph. I had recently the pleasure of meeting Madame Eames at a reception tendered her by the Manuscript Society, and found her to bear the honors heaped so thickly upon her with charming modesty and grace.

It will be seen, therefore, that out of four of the soprani, America can claim three as her daughters; all of which gives great opportunity to the eagle to scream, and for cause, which is not always the case. Of the male singers of the company, a trio of great artists stands forth immeasurably above all the others—Messrs. Jean and Edouard de Reszké and M. Lassalle. Comparisons here would be invidious. Each in his sphere fills every requirement of personality, voice, and dramatic force; each is a rival and an equal of the other. Their appearance has upon all occasions been a signal for an outburst of applause. Their social success has been fully on a par with their artistic one. Jean de Reszké has won for himself a most enviable reputation as a delightful companion, and the stage tenor *par excellence* of his day. As for his brother Edouard, his marvellous voice is best described by the remark of a lady, who, upon hearing him sing for the first time, exclaimed, "The voice of a god." M. Lassalle's admirable vocal and dramatic equipment shone brilliantly forth as Hamlet, Nelusko, and Hans Sachs. M. Montariol, a late comer in the season, proved himself an agreeable singer and an actor of intelligence, while Madame Scalchi's popularity seems undiminished.

If in the social world there is a place where extremes meet, it is at the Metropolitan Opera-house. It would be hard to classify all its *habitués*, who comprise the opera singer and impresario of other times in the sear and yellow leaf; the foreign contingent, always very large in New York; the men about town, professional people, the *dilettanti*, the music lovers, and the world of fashion. The majority—the vast majority, let it be recorded—undoubtedly go for the opera's sake. Dressmakers and milliners go to observe the fashions in the boxes, and a large proportion of the entire gathering go to see others and to be seen themselves. Man being a gregarious animal, it is but natural he should regard his fellow-man with something akin to interest. The boxes, of course, contain, or at least are supposed to represent, the *fine fleur* of our aristocracy; and certainly, when the two tiers are well filled, they make a gallant and brilliant display. There has been less chatter and better attention paid to the stage than in some other seasons; the appearance, however, of a new *parure* of gems or a particularly novel and effective costume, causes a murmur of surprise to thrill the aristocratic body, and to draw attention from the beauties of vocalization by the De Reszkés, Eames, Lassalle, Lehman, or Van Zandt.

In the "cockloft," as it is irreverently called, they are little bothered by social amenities; they listen to the music, and they cheer and rise *en masse* when the spirit moves them, and when, too, standing-room cannot be found for insects anywhere within sight of the stage, they stand about in the lobby or behind the centre gallery, and ladies crouch upon the floor with their wraps as camp chairs, and listen with rapt attention to the divine art. Mr. Daniel Frohman will tell you that his players are acting against a stone wall without a gallery; from where then would come the four, five, and even six curtain calls at the Metropolitan Opera-house without the voices of the "gods." But they too can be drawn by some pressing emotion from the drama *vide* an experience of my own. The opera was *Tristan und Isolde*. Lehman as Isolde, and Niemann as Tristan; the period in the opera that noble love duet between Tristan and Isolde. Just when the most profound silence pervaded the entire auditorium, a lady, one of a party of three who had found resting-places on the stairs, whispered, in tragic tones, "Jennie!" There was no response. "Jennie!" again, but with more vigor. Finally "Jennie" turned her head with a querulous "Well?" The answer is burned in upon my memory: "Do you know that our gas bill is twice as much this month as last? It's an outrage. I'm going down to see them about it to-morrow."

By this time the duet was over, the curtain had fallen upon the act, the house was in an uproar of pleasurable emotion; the three victims of the gas company, forgetting household economy, rose to their feet with their neighbors, waved their handkerchiefs frantically in the excess of their Wagnerian enthusiasm. And I pondered deeply upon the immutability of human nature. "Wagner *vs.* gas bill."

The present regular season closed on the 13th of March, while a supplementary season began on the 28th, during which Madame Patti will be heard in opera, but as a separate organization. The only *novelty* promised so far is to be *Il Vascello Fantasma* ("The Flying Dutchman"), in which that always reliable artist Madame Albani will make her last appearance. The future of the Metropolitan Opera-house is at last decided for three years at least. Messrs. Abbey and Grau have secured control of the entire house for that period, and grand opera in Italian and French will reign supreme. Messrs. Abbey and Grau will receive a nightly subvention of $2000, and all other rentals and perquisites from the use of the house. This is a move in the right direction. The directors are in no sense *impressarii*, nor does Mr. Stanton wish to pose as such; now the onus of catering to the public is placed where it belongs. It is too early as yet to mention the list of artists; no doubt the best of this season's *ensemble* will be retained; let us hope also that Messrs. Abbey and Grau will not go abroad for their *chef d'orchêstre*, but hand the *bâton* to Herr Anton Seidl. In fact, the Messieurs de Reszké and Madame Eames declared they would not return to this country for next season except under the management of Abbey and Grau, maintaining they would not lend their success with this public to furnish capital for rival *impresarii* to trade upon. All praise to their fine sense of honor and justice!

Messrs. Abbey and Grau have undoubtedly made some serious mistakes, but they realize that the public will accept at their hands only the best of everything. It demands a perfect *ensemble;* the days for hero-worship in grand opera to the exclusion of an artistic whole are gone by forever. Only Patti can revive them, and Patti has no successor. It takes brains, courage, and capacity to run an opera company upon a grand scale, and, most unmistakably, the American public has faith in Abbey and Grau to provide it with all it asks for.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

KNOW THYSELF.

HE studied hard that strange mind-reading art,
  Pursued the subject with success and vim.
To-day he wends his way with broken heart—
  He can't help seeing what folks think of him.

Which proves 'tis well to dabble not in minds
  Of others. Let them every one alone.
Who tries to fathom those of others finds
  To them there's something lacking in his own.

Had he but taken his in hand at once,
  To fathom and correct its faults, he'd see
Himself more of a man, less of a dunce,
  Than to the world to-day he seems to be.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

ABOUT THE GRAND COURT.

THEY have called it the Grand Court, but they might as well have called it the Grand Canal, for it is more Venetian than Venice herself. That is to say, it will be so when it is finished and put on exhibition. This has reference to the main outlet (or inlet) of the World's Columbian Exposition and the ornamental works they are gathering about it. At this present moment the Grand Court looks like an unfinished canal or slough in a newly settled town out West, where enterprising settlers are putting up saw-mills and building granaries for optional crops.

There is a broad-gauge platform built out into the snowy iciness of Lake Michigan. There is a bank of piles and lumber tangent at right angles to it. There are two companion plankways, and between them a body of still water that turns into a lagoon. On either side at its eastern or lake end arise huge skeletons of framework. Further west appear more complete structures. At the head rises a great pile of steel that is rounding out into a dome. That is the fashion and the appearance of the Grand Court at the present moment. Perhaps the comparison to the canal and saw-mill picture is a mere trifle too unkind to the nature of the fact, but literally speaking there it is.

All the architects and artists in the construction department of the fair, young men who sit at high stools and cultivate bicycle spines by an over-close application to drawing fine lines as proximate as may be, go into ecstasies of descriptive when they are led to speak of the beauties—*in potentia*—of the Grand Court. They use such terms of their craft as are found in phrases such as nobility of treatment, tenderness of outline, healthfulness of tone, vigor of conception, and many more. There can be no question that the Grand Court, when it is all arranged and laid out, will deserve to the full all these encomiums. For it will appear not as it does now, but as it appears in the picture, only with more stable form and more permanent detail.

As has been said, it will out-Venice Venice. Lord Byron says that Venice rises from the ocean. So will the Grand Court — from the lake. There will be more proud towers than as many as would make a tiara. Has Venice color? The Grand Court will be bravely Roman in its coloring. In places its colors will burn bright in red and yellow—warm in contrast with the softer shading thrown in deliberately to make the relief veritably hot. But every one says that the coloring, if fierce at times, will be harmonious. This very question of color is yet in trial, and the artists are working bravely with it so that it cannot now be stated with any degree of clearness. Here is the dome of the Administration Building, being, so to speak, the postscript and salience of the composition. Mr. Hunt, the architect, suggested a gilding for it, but this was altered to a blue. Then the blue was abandoned, and the status at present of the to be color is this: a question of black dome with golden ribs, a white dome with golden ribs, or a reversion to Mr. Hunt's dream—a purely gilded dome. Yet it can be said in a general way that the coloring of all the façades on the Grand Court will be striking and dancing.

The Venetian idea will be borne out in the airiness of the picture. In its terrestrial features the Venetian aspect will be broadened and exaggerated. Of course there will be gondolas and gondoliers. But the boats will offer a Venice of Turkey, of Spain, of France, of India, of Japan, of China, of every country that has a flag and a color, and of every State in the Union.

What, in fact, is the Grand Court on which the board of architects have centred so much attention? It is a rectangular space formed by five of the most important buildings of the exposition that make up three of its sides. The fourth is formed by a peristyle built straight across the inlet at its mouth opening into the lake. The Agricultural Building is at the southeast corner, with its northern face rising from the water of the inlet. Opposite it to the north, and looking at it, is the southern face of the main building, or that of the Manufactures and the Liberal Arts. West of the Liberal Arts Building, in continuation of the north side of the rectangular space, is the Building for Electricity. Opposed to that, forming the southwestern line, or completing it rather with that of the Agricultural Hall, is the north face of the Machinery Hall. Closing up the rectangle and the perspective, as looking from the east, is the main front of the Administration Building. Thus it will be observed why the dome of the Administration Building is referred to as the salient touch to the view. And thus will be seen the reasons wherefore the color of that dome, or the combination of its colors, is studied with so much care by the distributers.

It is reasonable to suppose that in the photographs and the drawings of this section of the exposition—really its most important and picturesque section—no idea of real distance is conveyed. Everything is minute, and even if the lines are mathematically in proportion, they carry no sense of the actuality. Perhaps, therefore, a little statistical information will be of some assistance in the mental view. The Grand Court, or canal, let us say, forms a watery avenue with sidewalks of gravel and grass, from which descend sculptural stairs for landing. The avenue is lined with four palaces, until it runs, blind, into a fifth palace at its end.

The first house to the right rests its southern end on the court, and shows its main front to the rising sun. It is the Building of the Manufactures. In length this pile measures 1687 feet. Its width measures 787 feet. This building, alone, therefore, occupies almost 1000 feet of the court. Its *vis-à-vis* is the Building of Agriculture. The longest dimension of this structure is in the east and west line, and this line will occupy 800 feet of the court toward its eastern end. Machinery Hall adds 500 feet or more to the southern side of the court, and the Building of Electricity almost a similar space to the northern. Between the two rests the Building of the Administration, which is really within the width of the court. This structure is raised on a base 260 feet square. Such will be the spaces occupied by the palaces in the Grand Court or canal. When allowance is made for those occupied by the intersecting lagoon on which the towered front of Machinery Hall poses, and those filled in by the extension of the pier, the real grandeur of the court can, in a remote fashion, be conceived. To one looking through it from its eastern end will be shown a magnificent vista of architecture and sculpture, designed by the leaders of these arts in this country, and executed with an unstinted outlay of money, the best mechanical and engineering skill available in America, and with an avowed purpose of surpassing all other achievements of its peculiar nature in history. This visita, from the peristyle to the Administration Building, is nearly one mile in length.

It has been said that only the end of the Liberal Arts Hall will rise from the canal. But the front of that structure may be included in the picture, as may also the eastern face of the Agricultural Building, part of the pier, the entire peristyle, and, by pardon, when the point is located on the lake, the pharos at the pier's end. But the triumphs of the canal will be the main front of the Agricultural Building and the eastern face of the Administration. The Agricultural Building will present to the interior of the court a single story of heroic architecture. It will be 65 feet above the ground line. Two of its pavilions and its beautiful pagan entrance will thrust their Corinthian pillars into the eye. There is a great dome of glass lifted over and behind the central feature 130 feet high. The pavilions at the corners are swollen into minor domes 96 feet high, and these are surmounted with appropriate statuary of heroic style.

Not the least imposing and interesting feature of the Grand Court will be its entrance. The plans for this portion of the work are plastic. In the original design the peristyle was made in the shape of a semicircular bar on which were raised thirteen columns provided with statues to represent the thirteen original States of the young Union. This has now been changed. It is possible that the present ideas of the constructionists may not be executed in all detail, but their general scope will not take another direction. The peristyle, or its foundation, has already been built across the mouth of the lagoon at the eastern end of the court. The pier, running out into the lake from its southern extremity, has also been constructed. There will be forty-four instead of thirteen columns, and as many sculps, showing the nation in its present aggregate of States. It is said that this peristyle and entrance will be truly majestic. There are purpose and design in this arrangement, too, for behind are forty-four pedestals and statues, showing the separate commonwealths of the Federation. What could be more sequential or better placed than a colossal figure of Columbia herself—the commonwealths united and personified in an expression of the highest power?

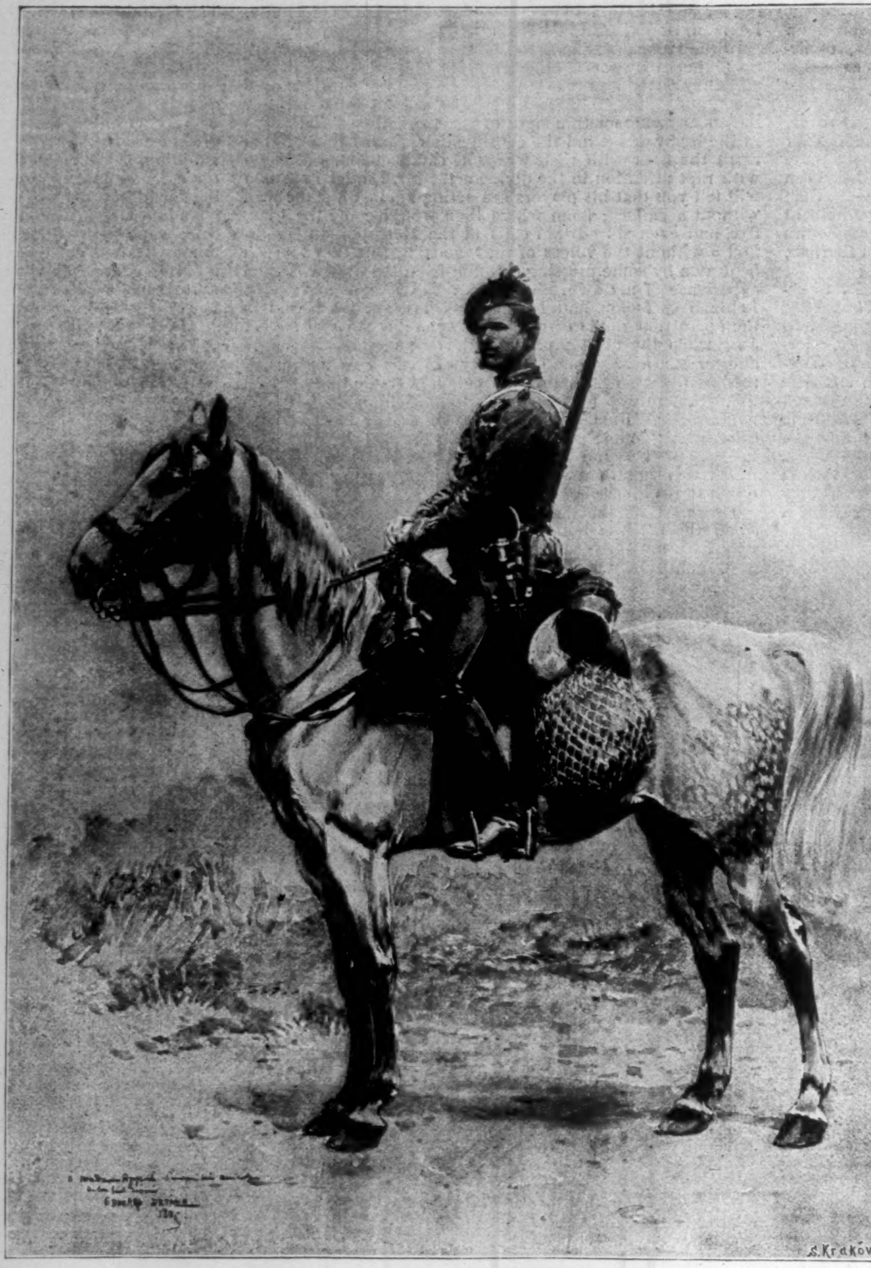
These are the designs of the constructionists and the artists of the construction department. It is true that they have a long journey before them until the destination is reached, until the bleak and ugly landscape the inlet discloses on this dreary March day is converted into the fairy prospect they have in their mind's eye. It will be just to wait until the curtain is lifted, and the Grand Court shown on the stage.

M. A. LANE.

ST. PETERSBURG.

(*Continued from page 329.*)

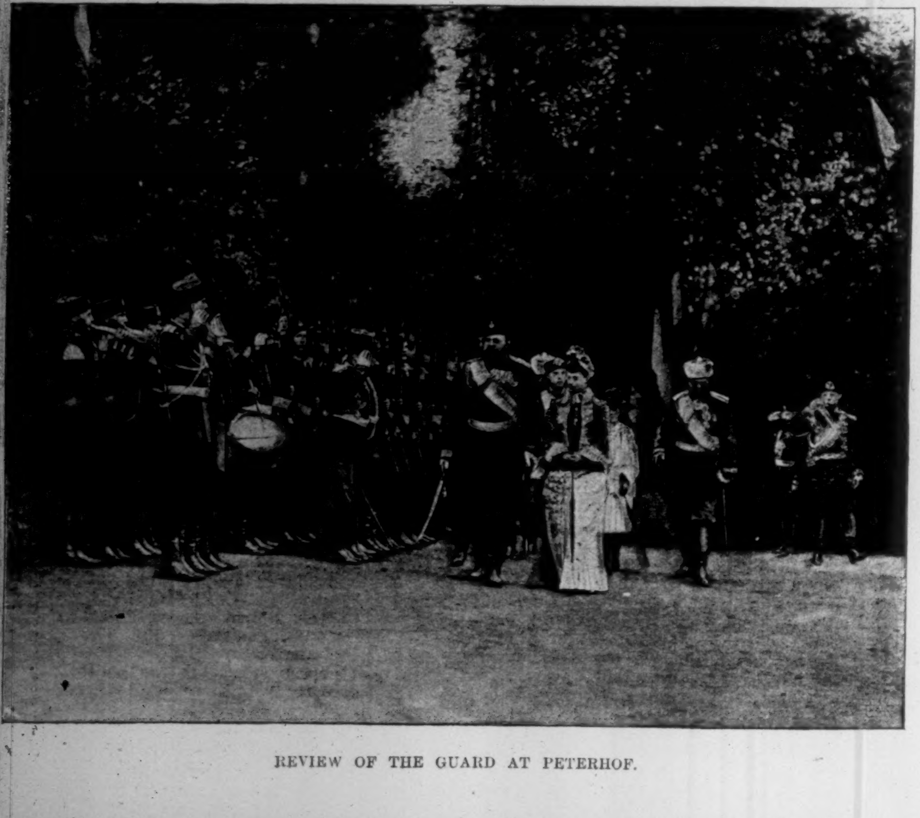
of Russia, and the burial-place of the chief families. From this point the Perspective extends for three miles, as far as the buildings of the Admiralty, which intercept the view of the river. All the way along, the thoroughfare presents a most animated and characteristic scene. The horses dash along, crossing each other like flashes of lightning, and sprinkling with the powdered snow from their steel shoes the occupants of the long narrow sledges called *egotists*, which have no backs, and in which one sees now an officer, now some young girl balancing the body in a crouching position with the knees imprisoned beneath a bear's skin. When two drive together in a sledge, the gentleman holds the lady in her place in a chivalrous manner by passing his right arm lightly round her waist. On the tiny little coach-box sits a huge driver with a long beard in a vast great-coat, and wearing a square red or blue velvet cap. He guides his trotting horse with the majestic air of a pope, his arms rounded, his elbows sticking out, and the reins, which are as thin as mere threads, held tightly in his hands. The harness, which is made of a few strips of leather, is scarcely visible, and this gives a wonderful look of elegance to the steed, which seems to run without any restraint beneath the *douga*, as the great arched piece of wood above the collar is called. Sometimes a second horse, called a "fool,"* that is to say, a leader, is used, harnessed to the first by a single strap, and this second steed frisks and gambols about like a mad thing. When a third horse is harnessed the carriage is known as a *troïka;* this is the classic equipage, in which the horse harnessed to the sledge trots between his two galloping companions. On either side of the road more humble vehicles ply for hire, such as sledges drawn by thick-set carthorses, driven by rough-coated peasants, tillers of the soil who have flocked in from the neighboring districts to earn a little money in the capital in the winter.



A CHASSEUR OF THE GUARD.

On the pavements crowds of foot-passengers are hastening in the direction of the Gostinnoi Dvor, a bazar with an Oriental-looking domed roof, beneath the arcades of which are the low shops of jewellers and dealers in the images of saints. A group of mujiks pauses in front of a chapel bright with the glow of light; they sign themselves piously, and prostrate themselves to the ground before they light their tapers beneath the silver-gilt Madonna shining forth from a kind of encircling aureole.

Following the Perspective from the Lavra to the Neva, one passes on the left the little Annitchkoff Palace, where the Emperor Alexander III. resides when ceremonies do not claim his presence at the Winter Palace; the Imperial Library, formed at immense expense by Catherine, which boasts the manuscripts of Diderot, the archives of the Bastille, the library of Voltaire, and the celebrated statue of that French philosopher reproduced by Houdon for the lobby of the Comédie Française. A little further on rises from the centre of a square Notre Dame de Kazan, with a colonnade in imitation of that of St. Peter's, Rome, except the cathedral of St. Izak, the largest and most richly decorated church of St. Petersburg, containing on the marble facings of its walls numerous flags, the spoils of the French *Grande Armée*, whilst the bâton of the Maréchal de Davoust is fastened to a pillar opposite the high altar.

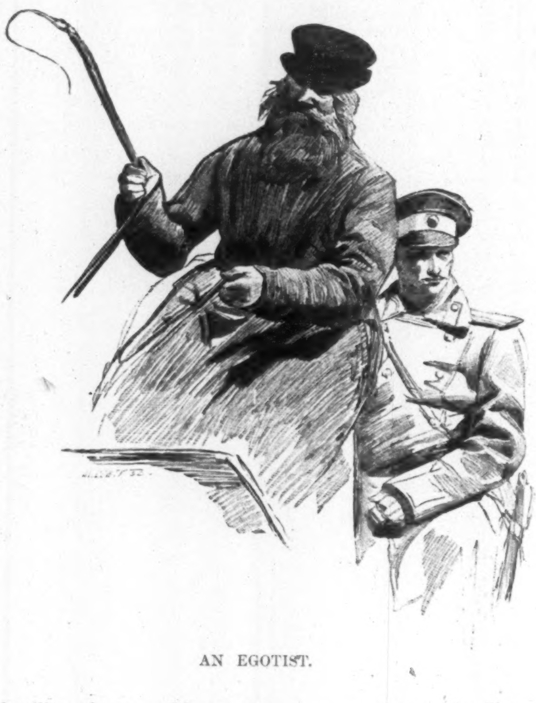


REVIEW OF THE GUARD AT PETERHOF.

Continuing our walk along the Neva Perspective, we are stopped by the Admiralty. The sledge turns to the right into the wide Morskaïa, or Great Marine Street, the rendezvous of well-dressed walkers, corresponding with the Regent Street of London or the Rue de la Paix of Paris, lined as it is with fine shops, fashionable restaurants, and private hotels. It leads to the cathedral of St. Izaak, with its golden cupolas surmounting a huge square mass of granite that seems to be gradually sinking into the ground. A risky thing it was truly to set a mass like this upon a foundation of piles! Eternal night reigns inside beneath the domes, tempered, however, by the light of hundreds of little candles constantly renewed by the faithful in front of the shrines, their flames touching with light the gold of the mosaics and the silver-gilt saints carved on the walls of the sacred building. The light of day only penetrates through the great north window, and it seems to come from the sad eyes of the Saviour painted upon the glass. Like Notre Dame de Kazan, the cathedral of St. Izak impresses the visitor by its size and the Oriental richness of its decorations, but both are wanting in that which makes the charm of the little churches of the Kremlin, and, indeed, of all places for prayer—that antiquity which is the accumulated soul of generations of worshippers.

Passing round the cathedral, one comes to the Neva, glancing *en passant* at the fine bronze statue of Peter the Great by Falconnet, beside the river. The Czar is on horseback, in the costume of a Roman Emperor, and seems by an effort of his imperial will to be calling up from the desert marshes the city of his dream. We come out upon the long line of quays, and before us is the chief marvel of St. Petersburg—the dyke of red Finland granite which hems in for a length of more than three miles the river Neva, which is here as wide as an arm of the sea. The stream is arrested beneath its thick crust of ice, and foot-passengers and equipages of all kinds are passing to and fro on it, whilst in the middle sportsmen are thronging round the course marked out for the races, and in the distance we see the tents of skins of some wandering Laplanders, in front of which pace reindeer with children riding on their backs. Opposite, on the northern bank, the cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul overlooks the bastions of the citadel. The twilight sky is cleft open by what looks like a fixed flash of lightning, gleaming as would a bar of fire; this is the slim but lofty pinnacle of the belfry; a ray of light from the invisible sun has struck it as it rises above the fog and mist. The luminous sign marks the last resting-place of the Romanoffs, where they have all been laid near the founder of their dynasty.

On the northern bank the river gives off several arms, which flow towards the sea, breaking the land up into islands. From the first of these islands rises the citadel; on the second, that known as Vassili-Ostroff, are the university and other educational establishments, as well as the offices of the great German merchants and of the harbor officials. Beyond Vassili-Ostroff is a forest of masts—those of the vessels imprisoned for months in the ice, where the winter overtook them.



AN EGOTIST.

As we walk along the quay, we pass an uninterrupted series of palaces belonging to the Grand Dukes and other families of note. Of recent years many of these families have had to give up their hereditary residences to more fortunate new-comers, or they have let them to the ambassadors of the great Powers. But the fashionable world still lives as much as possible on the Court Quay, so as to be near the palace *par excellence*, which may indeed be called the mother palace—the Winter Palace. This colossal building, connected by a covered bridge with the Hermitage, seems to look down from above upon all its subjects, and to gather them beneath its wings. Built in the rococo style by the architect Rastrelli in the reign of Catherine, it has been constantly restored and added to, to accommodate the crowd of attendants of every rank. These form a regular world apart, as to those in the Sultan's palace of Constantinople. The resemblance between the two buildings is very striking, and illustrates well the identity of the origin and manners of the masters of the Orient and of the North. A single incident will give an idea of the combined pomp and disorder which at one time prevailed in this huge caravansary. When a strict and searching inventory was made of all the contents of the various apartments after a fire which took place in the reign of Nicholas, several cows were found in the ruins which had belonged to an old servant, who had kept them for his own private use.

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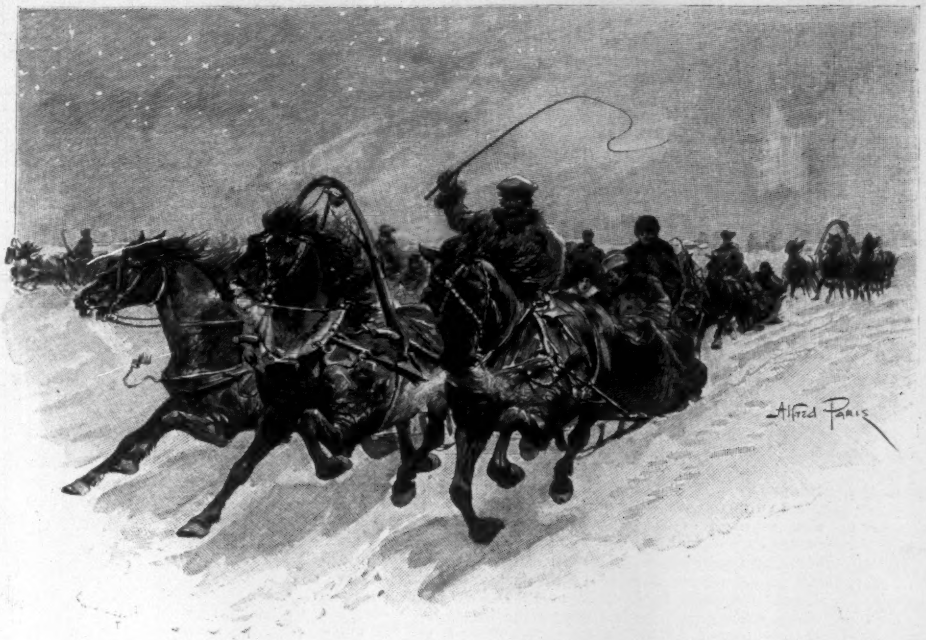
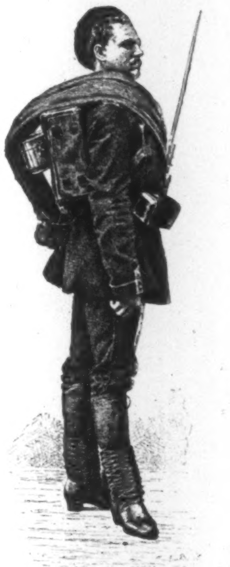
* This *fool* is a horse harnessed by traces, who canters alongside of the trotter in the shafts.



"WHY FASTER?"

Since then the surveillance of the police, necessitated by certain sad events, has put a restraint on this liberty. But the Winter Palace is still the centre, the very embodiment of the life of St. Petersburg. Paris and London are but agglomerations of private houses; St. Petersburg is before all things a court, as was the Versailles of Louis XIV. Every manifestation of life not connected with that of the court has but a secondary and, so to speak, accidental interest. In official language, the capital is always spoken of as "The Residence." The theatres, the Italian opera, and the Comédie Française, and collections of every kind, are but annexes of the imperial house. The Hermitage, that gallery of paintings and art objects which rivals the richest collections of Europe, is but the sovereign's study, to which the public are graciously admitted. Until after the death of Nicholas, visitors were admitted in full dress only. Every one of the peculiarities we might mention would but intensify our sense of what makes the originality of the Russian capital—the absorption of the general life into that of a single master. We must therefore pause at the Winter Palace to make acquaintance with St. Petersburg as a whole on a day when society is bidden to a great court ball.



A MEMBER OF THE INFANTRY OF THE GUARD.

From the first thing in the morning the furred messengers of the imperial household have been going to and fro in the town, leaving invitations on those selected to appear in the evening. An invitation to court is a command issued on the day on which it is to be obeyed, and etiquette demands that it take precedence of all other previous engagements to private individuals; even the duty to the dead must be set aside, for mourning does not release the mourner from appearing at a court ceremony, and black apparel must be changed for colors before the palace is entered. A woman is not allowed to appear before her sovereign in black garments unless she is in mourning for one of her nearest relations. On the night of a ball, dinner is hurried through; the fête opens at nine, and long before that the invited must be in the reception-rooms awaiting the arrival of the Emperor. Hundreds of sledges and carriages file along, and discharge their loads of formless packages of fur at the Winter Palace to make room for others succeeding them. The empty vehicles go back and form in a line on the square; their coachmen, who have to spend part of the night in the snow, gather about huge fires burning in furnaces provided for these occasions. A picturesque bivouac it is, too, the men like gnomes gathered together in the darkness on a sheet of ice to guard the enchanted palace, where a magician calls up sweet visions of spring-time.

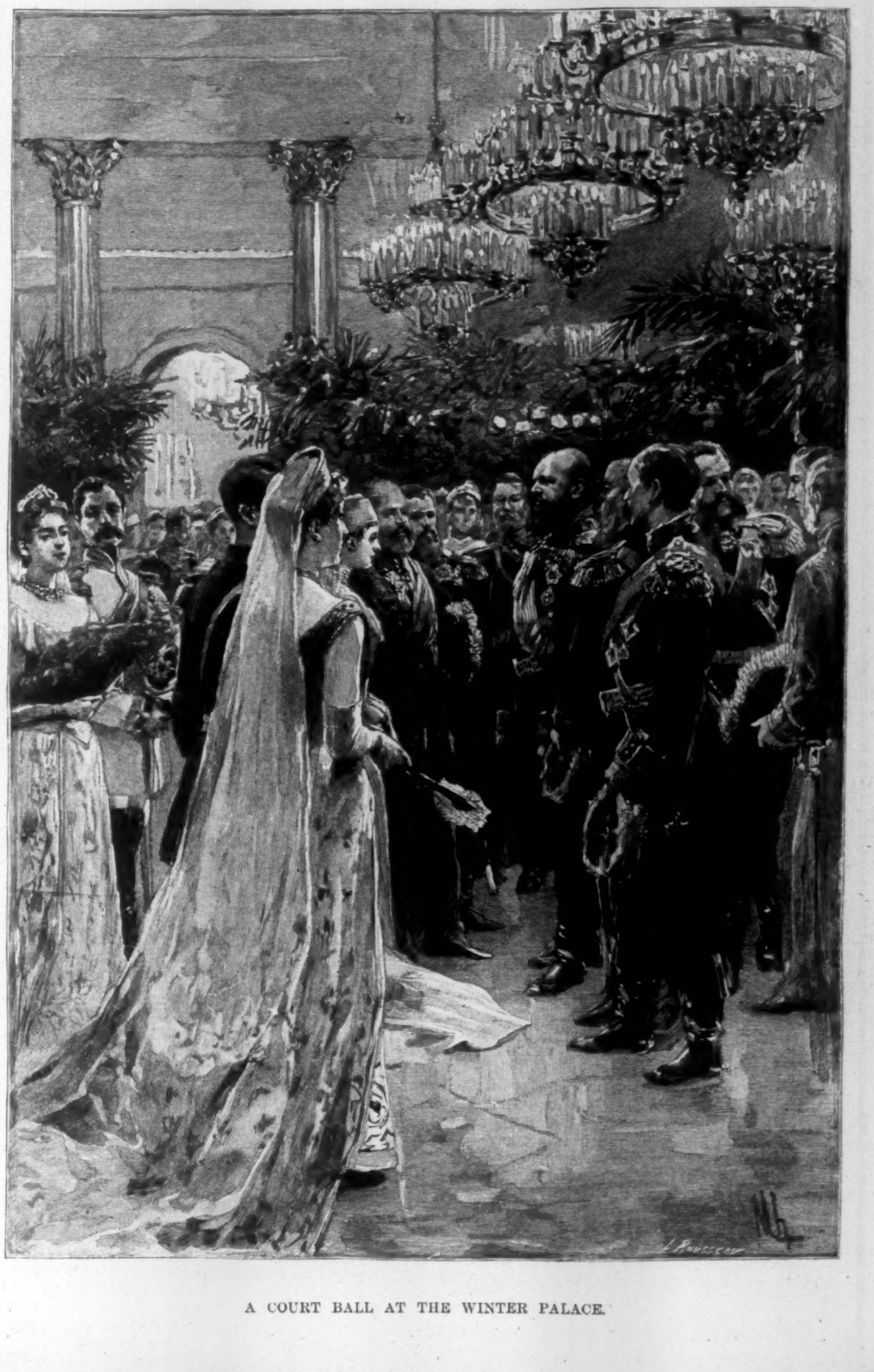
The doors of the palace close on the packages of fur, and these are no sooner in the vestibule than they are transformed by a touch of the magician's wand, and the fairy scene begins. The heavy pelisses fall from fair bare shoulders, and bright butterflies come forth from the chrysalides amongst the rare flowers lining the marble steps in the soft warm Junelike air. A procession from the Thousand and One Nights ascends the long staircase, lace trains sweep past the porphyry pillars, gems and diamonds gleam in the light of the lustres, many-colored uniforms flash here and there, sabres and spurs clank on the floors. The invited guests defile between pickets of the Imperial Guard chosen from amongst the handsomest men of the regiment—grand-looking giants, who stand motionless in their burnished armor. The crowd gathers in the White or Throne Room.

There, in the first row, we see personages of note, such as the great ladies *à portrait*, so called because they wear at their breasts, set in brilliants, a miniature portrait of their sovereign. Severe guardians of ancient etiquette, lively chroniclers of all that goes on at court, they pass on its traditions to the young aspirants under their care, the maids of honor, who can be recognized by the cipher in diamonds of the reigning Empress, which they wear fastened into a bunch of white ribbons on the left shoulder. The celebrated beauties of St. Petersburg are one and all in presence, and they cross the room with a nameless suppleness and indolent grace in their carriage and in the pose of their heads; there is something lingering in the way they look at you, and in their way of speaking, as if they were but half awakened from a long dream of some far-distant part of their interminable country. Amongst the courtiers who gather about them, we note first men well advanced in life and of great dignity, old followers of the Czar, who have been at court since the days of Nicholas, and have grown white in the service of the Emperor, aides-de-camp of his Majesty, ministers, ambassadors, chamberlains, with the gold key on their uniforms, one and all wearing across their brave breasts grand cordons of honor, and with the fronts of their coats completely covered with decorations. Then come young officers of every corps, most of them belonging to the two picked regiments, the Chevalier-gardes, or Knights of the Guard, and the Gardes à Cheval, or Cavalry Guard, carrying in their hands the massive helmet surmounted by a silver eagle with outspread wings. Beside them are Lancers with red breastplates; Grodno Hussars in green; Cossacks wrapped in their long tunics, bristling with their cartridge-cases of silver, inlaid with darker metal, on their breasts; Hussars of the Guard, with their picturesque short white dolmans slashed with gold, and trimmed with a border of sable hanging loosely about their shoulders. Amongst the crowd the pages of the Empress pass quietly to and fro; and lastly come the servants of the palace—couriers wearing the hats with big feathers of the time of Catherine, and negroes in Oriental costumes. The melancholy note of the black coat is banished from this grand symphony of color; we see but one dress-coat—it is that of his Excellency the Minister of the United States.

Nine o'clock! The double doors of the inner apartments are flung open, and immediately the silence of death reigns around. A voice announces "The Emperor!" The Czar approaches, followed by the members of his family, each in the order of his relationship to his Majesty. If one would understand at one glance the secret of the social life of the empire, one should stand with one's back to the door from which the Emperor has just issued, and watch the effect of his entry on the faces of those taking part in the scene. Every countenance assumes at the same instant, as if it were a uniform, the same solemn expression, at once serious and smiling; all the vital force alike of the men and of the women is concentrated in their eyes, which seek those of their master. I never contemplated this scene without thinking of sunrise on the mountains when the first rays of light appear. There is no need to look behind one to know that the orb of day has appeared; we know it by the prismatic glow upon the opposite heights. In the same way, by looking into the faces of the courtiers, we can say, "The Emperor is coming; the Emperor comes; the Emperor has come!" And his coming is truly a rising of the sun, which brings favor and dispenses life to all around.

The first chords of the polonaise are heard, the Grand Marshal and the Grand Mistress lead the way, and generally this venerable couple represents within a year or two the revolution of two centuries. The Emperor gives his hand to one of the Grand Duchesses, the Empress gives hers to one of the foreign ambassadors, the other couples follow them, and make the tour of the room. After this ceremony, which is obligatory, quadrilles and

(*Continued on page 334.*)



A COURT BALL AT THE WINTER PALACE.

OUR INDIAN-CORN IN EUROPE.

INDIAN-CORN, or maize, occupies the leading position in the agriculture of the United States, both as regards aggregate volume of the annual product and the area under cultivation. It is also the most widely distributed crop, being grown to a greater or less extent in every State and Territory, and almost in every county in which agriculture is carried on. In actual breadth cultivated, it each year exceeds the aggregate area devoted to all other cereals and potatoes combined; is about double the breadth cut for hay, and is grown upon an area greater than that devoted to wheat, oats, and cotton together. With an acreage of 78,000,000 acres, it is the largest arable crop grown in any country, and our capabilities of extension in its production are hardly appreciated. It is a prominent if not the leading crop in every State and Territory except in some of the Rocky Mountain districts, where the elevation is too great for the best results, and on the Pacific coast, where it is a minor crop simply because farmers have had more profitable crops to which to turn their attention. Its importance in our agriculture is shown by the fact that in districts famous for some special crop, the acreage devoted to that special crop is less than that given to corn. The corn acreage is larger in the eleven cotton States than that given to cotton itself, and in the wheat belt corn is really the most prominent product. In measured quantity our corn crop of a single year has exceeded the wheat crop of the civilized world.

The farmer's contributions to our foreign commerce have always been large, the results of his labor furnishing 75 per cent. of the total value of our shipments abroad. Indian-corn, however, has never formed an important part of these exports, and during the past ten years only four per cent. of the total production has found foreign purchasers. Of the 96 per cent. of the crop annually consumed at home, quite 80 per cent., it is estimated, never leaves the county in which it is grown. It is the great American crop, and at the recent agricultural fairs it has not been infrequent that the motto decorating a public exhibit has been, "Corn is King." On the farm it feeds the working animals, fattens the beeves and hogs, is an important constituent of butter and cheese production, and forms part of the family rations. In a word, it is both bread and meat. As a food, Indian-corn is fully equal in value to any of the cereals, making up in its fat-producing chemicals any deficiency in its nitrogeneous matters and digestible carbohydrates.

And yet there is in Europe so great a prejudice against it as a food for man that even in times of famine it has been rejected as long as possible. When Indian-corn was sent to Ireland in 1848 the peasants at first refused to use it, and contemptuously called it the "famine food." It is true that they did not know how properly to prepare it. Since then a kind of mush has been made of Indian-corn meal in Ireland, and called "stirabout," but it is not held in the high esteem that it deserves. When the potato crop fails, they fall back on this. The Italians also use a good deal of maize, but what is used in Italy is grown at home. They have many ways of preparing "polenta," as it is called, and they are usually very toothsome. But it is said that a very considerable use of "polenta" in Italy produces a troublesome skin disease. No such objection can be urged against Indian-corn as it is used in America.

Ever since the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, Mr. Burnet Landreth, who was chief of the agricultural division at that great fair, has urged that practical steps should be taken to show to the people of Europe the great value of Indian-corn as a food for man. He has urged that at each of the international exhibitions the United States should make a comprehensive exhibit of corn, and do some practical missionary work to educate the foreign people in the use of this great food. Again, at the American Exhibition held in London in 1887—and of this Mr. Landreth was one of the managers—he urged the government authorities to take some steps in this direction. Mr. Charles J. Murphy became interested in Mr. Landreth's work as to a corn display at the American Exhibition in London, and afterward made some maize exhibits on his own account.

Later, and after the appointment of Mr. Rusk as Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Murphy was appointed as a special agent of the department in Europe, his duty being to bring to the attention of the government authorities and the people the virtues of the great American product as a human food. Mr. Murphy has had free kitchens at several of the exhibitions and at other places, and has shown how the meal could be made into various kinds of palatable and wholesome dishes. He reports that the people have eaten his bread and cakes with relish, and that the German government is looking into the question of introducing maize as an army ration, to be used regularly, or at such times as any of the other rations happen to be short. Whether this be the proper method of introducing our maize in Europe or not, it is at least gratifying that at last an effort has been made by the government to assist in securing a market abroad for a product which engages the attention of so many American husbandmen.

And it would not be a bad thing to teach the people of our large cities, specially in the East, how to make the corn-pone, the hoe-cake, the batter-bread, and to prepare the various kinds of mush and hominy. In the North and East it is usual to put sugar and baking-powder into all kinds of corn-bread; in fact, to make a heavy kind of cake of it. Such would be considered in the South and also in the corn belt of the country an abomination not to be tolerated. Then the Indian meal found on sale in the Eastern cities is very inferior, the corn having been kiln-dried before being ground. This is to preserve it. The process of preservation, whether it take from the meal or not any of its chemical values, unquestionably hurts it in the estimation of those who have been accustomed to eat bread made from corn seasoned in the ordinary old-fashioned way and ground as desired. This kiln-dried corn is also invariably ground to too fine a flour, so that bread made of it is what housewives call "soggy," and in the East baking-powders and sometimes wheaten flour are added to obviate this difficulty. A little missionary work at home in the use of Indian-corn meal would not go amiss.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

ST. PETERSBURG.

(Continued from page 333.)

waltzes, danced with great animation, succeed each other, but the true zest of the ball does not begin until the first measures of the mazurka, the passionate military and national dance *par excellence*. The cavalier beats time to the music with the sole of his spurred boot; he takes his partner into his arms like a trembling bird, flings himself forwards, and in three bounds crosses the room, deposits his burden at the further end, and falls on his knees before her. This dance is a survival of the old days of gallantry, and is full of suggestions of passionate and romantic love.

Court balls are perhaps more imposing, but private fêtes, such as the palace balls, are even more magnificent. Any one who wishes to see St. Petersburg society as it was in the old days should lose no time in assisting at a so-called "palace ball." There is nothing to compare with the fairylike scene in any other European court. When one o'clock strikes, the grand marshal opens the doors of a long gallery transformed into a tropical hot-house. Amongst palms, myrtles, and camellias in full flower are set little tables, where five hundred persons can sit down to supper. In the midst of this African forest, brought in the morning on sledges from the imperial conservatories, the picturesque crowds we have just described stroll about, or sit down and listen to music, which is produced by a band hidden behind the foliage. Beneath the dome of greenery a scene of extreme beauty is spread out—flowers here, there, and everywhere, on the trees and plants, on the dresses of the women, vying in beauty with the vivid colors of the costumes and the gleaming brightness of the armor, the helmets, the swords, the costly decorations, the rivers of diamonds, such as are seen nowhere else but in Russia.

It is a unique sight for those who take part in it, but still more for the looker-on, bringing as it does into striking relief the perpetual struggle after a life of ease and refinement in a rigid, rigorous climate, the achievement of the impossible, to which St. Petersburg owes its very birth and its continued existence so near to the north pole. The women in low-necked dresses sitting there beneath the camellias have come over frozen streets through twenty degrees of frost, and between the branches of the palm-trees can be seen the motionless river covered with equipages, the carpet of snow encircling the palace, and in thought one follows this snow far beyond the limits of vision across thousands of versts, covering as far as the borders of Asia the dreary solitudes in which the Russian people sleep the long sleep of winter. As one gazes and reflects, the contrast, the miracle of this defiance of nature is borne forcibly in upon the mind—a defiance which is heard in the sounds of merrymaking breaking the awful silence, and seen in the supreme luxury of civilization which has risen up at the orders of the all-powerful Orient.

When this omniscience is tired of tropical verdure, it can at will change the scene for another, made up of marvels produced by European genius, the treasures of Flemish and Italian art. When, according to custom dating from the time of the great Catherine, the scene of festivity is changed to the contiguous Museum of the Hermitage, the mazurka is danced in the presence of spectators painted by Veronese, Rubens, Rembrandt, and Vandyck. The living actors in the pageant are as graceful and as noble as those represented upon the panels, and to the stranger unaccustomed to the transformation scenes of St. Petersburg the present appears as unreal as the past of the patricians of Veronese.

The Winter Palace is opened to the circles of court society on the 1st of January, at Easter, on the anniversary of the accession to the throne, when a foreign prince is received, and at the baptism or the marriage of a member of the imperial family, as well as at the gala balls. On the 6th of January, also, the aristocracy meet for what is known as the Fête of the Jordan, or the blessing of the waters of the Neva, which is one of the most characteristic of Russian ceremonies. A tent is set up on the frozen river, in which a hole is made for the submersion of the cross, liturgical hymns are sung by the choirs of the imperial chapel with inimitable perfection, whilst the Metropolitan is offering up his prayer. This prelate, followed by his clergy, comes to bless the waters in order that they may be merciful to man, and give fecundity to the earth in the year which has just begun. Formerly at St. Petersburg, and quite recently amongst the pious dwellers on the Volga and the Don, this solemn ceremony was accompanied by outbreaks of religious zeal, which sometimes led to martyrdom. As soon as the priest had plunged the crucifix into the river, mujiks flung themselves to the bottom of the sanctified waters, convinced that they had a curative virtue such as that of the Pool of Bethesda. The natural result of this icy bath would be inflammation of the lungs. At the Fête of the Jordan religious zeal was not alone in claiming martyrs; the etiquette of the court also had its victims. Until the end of the reign of Nicholas traditional custom required the Emperor to follow the procession bareheaded and without his cloak, and of course the members of his household had to follow his example. It is difficult to believe it, yet it is a fact that the ladies of the palace came out into the snow in low-necked dresses, exposing their delicate throats and chests to the intense cold that prevails at this time of the year. Now ancient customs are modified, and cloaks are tolerated. It is a curious sight to see an assembly in full ball toilette at eleven o'clock in the morning on the occasions when the court meets to congratulate the Czar. The maids of honor wear their robes of state, red dresses with long trains, and their hair is confined beneath the hakochnik, the national head-dress borrowed from the ancient bayarin[*] women, consisting of a half-diadem, a crescent of ruby velvet set with pearls, from which hangs a long white veil—this archaic parure giving a strange character to the beauty of the fair daughters of the North.

Outside the Winter Palace it is in military ceremonies that the Czar can most often be seen and approached. For the last century Russian sovereigns have rivalled those of Prussia in their strictness on this point; they have pressed the whole male population into the army and into the observance of the minute rules of the service, and society is deeply imbued with the military spirit. For nothing in the world would the late Emperor Alexander II. have missed the grand manœuvres of the Sunday parade in the St. Michael's Riding school; he went there on the 13th of March, in spite of the entreaties of his minister, Count Loris-Melikoff, and it was at the end of the ceremony on the Catherine Canal that he was struck down by the assassins. When the Czar receives the Sunday report in front of the two battalions, who take the service of the week in turn, he is surrounded by his numerous military escort, old generals take their places once more at the head of the regiments of the guard in which they began their career, and think it an honor to file past their chief. Foreign ambassadors, with a numerous suite in uniform, follow the exercises with earnest scrutiny, and on these occasions can approach the Emperor with ease. The diplomatic soldier rides for a moment shoulder to shoulder with the Czar, and can exchange a few words with him on the events of the day. The words which have influenced contemporary history more than any other fell from the imperial lips in the St. Michael's Riding-school, whispered to an attentive ear between two orders to "present arms!"

These manœuvres of the guard take place in a vast covered enclosure, completely closed and heated, where a whole regiment of cavalry can deploy with ease in the depth of winter. After the churches, these enclosures are the first thing to attract the attention of the visitor in this capital of a religious and military nation. The officers give brilliant entertainments in them, organizing equestrian quadrilles with hardy Amazons as partners, in the presence of crowds of well-dressed spectators. Scarcely a week passes but what the Emperor assists, in addition to the Sunday parade, at one of these entertainments, in honor, perhaps, of the patron saint of the regiment, or of one of the many jubilees celebrated with a view to cultivating the military spirit, or on the anniversary of a victory, or on the fiftieth birthday of a chief illustrious for his long and faithful service in the army. The manœuvres of the guard are to the people of St. Petersburg what the meetings of the Legislative Assembly are to the Parisians, the occasions on which the very genius of the nation is revealed with all its earnest and its frivolous prepossessions.

These fêtes present a unique opportunity for seeing military Russia in all its glory and all its epic luxury. Let us take our places, in the early days of April, on one of the stands on either side of the royal pavilion at the further end of the Champs de Mars. The great world is collecting to assist at the grand spring review. The Champs de Mars is situated in the heart of the city, between the Court Quay, the Summer Garden, and the dreary-looking Castle of St. Michael, abandoned behind its moats and drawbridges, deserted as it was forever by the Romanoffs after the night on which Paul I. was found dead, victim of a mysterious tragedy. The whole of the guard is massed before us, numbering at least 25,000 men, sometimes more. Other states can boast a military force equal to this, but no other can show its army under conditions so magnificent or so picturesque. Every race and every arm of this vast and varied empire is about to defile before us, from the noble mounted guards, who seem to have stepped forth from the romantic Middle Ages to the still heathen Khirgiz from the Asiatic steppes. Attention! Millions of voices transmit this word of command. "The Emperor!" There he is coming round the corner of the Champs de Mars. At sight of him all the flags seem to tremble, all the bands unite in one formidable volume of sound to send up to heaven the grand petition of the national hymn, "God save the Czar!" He rides at a slow gallop. Behind him is his escort riding in a pell-mell sort of fashion, uniforms of every color and variety worn by the most illustrious representatives of Russian nobility alternating with those of ambassadors and military attachés of all the European powers. The master passes in front of his troops, the Empress following him in an open carriage. At the approach of their Majesties, the bands of each regiment thunder forth with almost diabolical fury the national hymn; a perfect hurricane of sound accompanies and seems to wrap about the imperial cavalcade; greetings consecrated by immemorial custom are exchanged between the Czar and his soldiers. "Good-morning, children!" says the Emperor. "We are happy to do well for your Imperial Majesty."[*]

The sovereign pauses opposite to the group of Grand Duchesses, and the march past begins. A platoon of Asiatics leads the way, from the wilds of Oriental Russia, Mussulmans from Khiva and Botchara, Georgian princes, Tcherkesses, Persians, sturdy-looking Mongols, and Caucasians. These primitive-looking warriors, armed with spears and bristling with steel, wear long coats of mail over robes of gleaming silk, costly furs, and damascened helmets or Tartar caps. This is the advance-guard of the hordes of Attila as they are pictured in tradition and in popular fancy; they are succeeded by the compact masses of the regular army: first, the infantry, Preobrajensky, chasseurs from Finland, soldiers of the Paul Regiment with their mitre-shaped copper helmets, such as those worn by the grenadiers of Frederick the Great. In accordance with an old tradition, all the men with snub-noses are recruited for this regiment. The foot-soldiers are succeeded by troops of cavalry, living walls of iron and silver vibrating on great war-horses, Knights of the Guard, or mounted guardsmen, followed in their turn by light cavalry, red hussars, mounted grenadiers, and lancers. Then clouds of Cossacks, galloping on their little steeds, pour in from every side of the Champs de Mars, to draw rein, pause, and turn short round in front of the imperial stand. They put their horses through the exercises of an Arab fantasia; bending low in the saddle, they almost touch the ground, without taking foot from stirrup, to pick up the spear or pistol they have flung down. The artillery brings up the rear, admirably appointed batteries, which dash rapidly along, drawn by six black horses as handsome as any owned by the nobility.

We have lingered long with the court and the army, but it was necessary to do so to accentuate the preponderant position they occupy in life at St. Petersburg. This life seems to have lost its object when the Czar retires with his family to the solitude of Gatchina, which is a kind of Russian Escorial, a dark and gloomy castle hidden in a pine forest a few leagues from the capital. There the imperial couple lead a quiet regular life, devoted entirely to the education of their children and the conduct of business.

To find again the society we made acquaintance with in the Winter Palace, we must obtain an *entrée* into the best mansions on the court and English quays. In them, as in the lodging of the humblest functionary, there is none of the feverish haste so characteristic of other great capitals. No one at St. Petersburg is pressed for time. Every one, like the winter sun, gets up late, and traffic does not begin in the streets before ten o'clock in the morning, at which time shopkeepers have not yet taken down their shutters. Directly after breakfast one goes out in a sledge for a drive on the Palace Quay or the Perspective Neva, and already the daylight is beginning to wane. One visit now succeeds another until dinner-time, and people go from house to house to talk over the news, generally court news, which has been issued in the morning in the St. Petersburg journal, or more private information which has been dropped from the lips of some official of high position. Lately all fashionable people with any self-respect have passed the early part of the evening at a fashionable theatre, now at the Italian opera, where Patti or Christine Nilsson perform their most wonderful roulades; now at the Michael Theatre, where the best actors of Paris act their comedies. At the present day the Russian theatre, long deserted by the upper classes, is regaining favor. The opening of the present reign gave the signal for a return to national life, and it is now quite the thing to go and applaud the plays of Griboïedoff, Gogol, and Ostrowsky, interpreted by Madame Savina, the star of Russian dramatic art.

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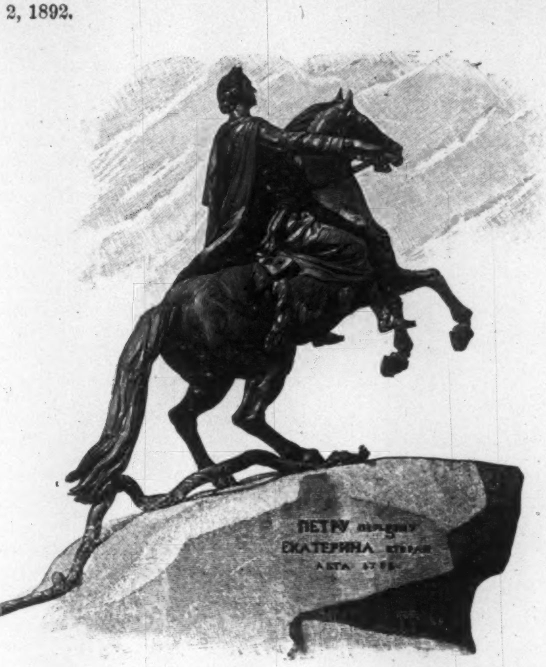
[*] Bayarin is the old name for noble.

[*] The Russian word used in this historic salutation is *blagodeist-vovah*, meaning to work well and efficiently.—TRANS.



PETER THE GREAT.

On leaving the theatre, every one goes to the drawing-rooms open to him. Evening parties begin very late. On arriving, at eleven o'clock, at the house to which you are invited, it is no uncommon thing to hear that your hostess is not yet dressed; she has been lying down since dinner for the sake of her complexion. To make up for this, some hospitable doors are open till past two o'clock in the morning. No one will be surprised to see you, and a cover will be set for you at supper, the favorite meal of the Russians. Whether by rich or poor, a supper is always served to intimate friends, and no one goes to bed in St. Petersburg before three o'clock in the morning. These children of the night are only truly at ease when it is dark and the only light is artificial. There really are some delicate women whom no one remembers to have seen by daylight.

Sport, as understood in western Europe, is almost unknown in the long Russian winters, and a well-born Russian has a horror of physical exercise of which he does not feel the need. On Sundays you do not see peasants playing games of skill, as in France, but sitting immovable in their own homes, or in the inns, looking straight before them. Amongst the well-to-do classes, all who are not hunters by profession solve the problem of living almost without moving their limbs. Some old men are known who have never walked further than from their arm-chairs to their carriages. Riding exercise is not liked, even by cavalry officers; and even skating, in a country affording such unrivalled facilities for it, is only practised in an intermittent manner. On the other hand, life in the Russian mountains is very much in vogue, chiefly because the beautiful Taurida Gardens, there situated, are frequented by members of the imperial family. In fact, violent exercise to which the body submits passively satisfies one of the most characteristic instincts of the Russian race.

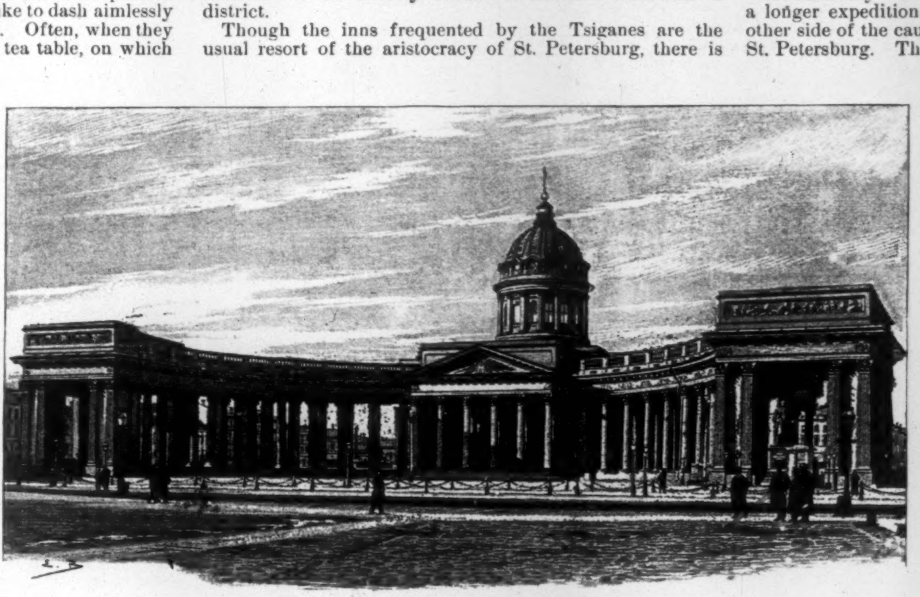
It may be justly said that the Russians are a sedentary people; for though they will pass their lives in carriages, sledges, or on the railway, and are never weary of being rapidly whirled through space, they do all their locomotion sitting down. The women, frail hot-house flowers, care for nothing but a cozy in-door life amongst the hyacinths and azaleas surrounding them, and are content with conversation and playing cards, the sole recreations indulged in. For all this, however, Russian women also have the Slav passion for rapid motion for its own sake, and like to dash aimlessly across the frozen steppes in their sledges. Often, when they are all seated of an evening about the tea table, on which the silver samovar is singing, and some one proposes a drive in a troïka, the idea is hailed with enthusiasm. It is the favorite amusement of winter nights, and that which impresses a foreigner most by its originality.

Large sledges, to hold four each, are sent for from one of the livery-stable keepers most noted for the speed of his horses and the skill of his drivers. The bells of the teams are heard ringing outside the door, and those going out wrap themselves in furs from head to foot, the women covering their faces with Orenburg shawls. Two couples take their places in each sledge, and one often feels that a certain little god no wiser than chance presides at the pairing off. The driver gathers up the reins in his hands, and addresses his animals in tender tones, "Forward, my little pigeons!" The three "pigeons" dash through the deserted streets in twenty degrees of frost, in a motionless atmosphere, beneath a steely black sky dotted with golden stars, reflected on the gleaming whiteness below. The intense cold freezes the breath as it leaves the lips, and in a few moments the steeds are draped with stalactites of ice. The Russian heart beats quickly with excitement. "Faster! faster!" cry the women, who are already wild with delight, in voices choked with happy laughter. The automaton on the box, who has probably already fortified himself with several glasses of brandy, brings the knout down on the haunches of his horses, who dash on with yet greater speed, seeming, like their masters, to be intoxicated with joy as they gallop along.

The sledges make a tortuous course, first along the quay, then over the river, through the suburbs, with their badly built, dimly lighted houses, the lamps looking like trembling little souls in Hades; on amongst the islands, the trees getting thicker as the houses become fewer. The open country is reached now, and absolute night reigns around; the silence is unbroken, save for the tinkling of the bells. When the iron of the sledge grates against the pavement under the snow, or bumps over a projecting mass of ice on some arm of the Neva, the passengers are all but thrown out. But the intoxication produced by the intense cold and rapid motion is at its height, and cries are heard of "Onward! Faster! faster!" echoed in the trembling voices of the women, whilst perhaps a grave voice whispers: "Why faster? Would that we might never end this journey!"

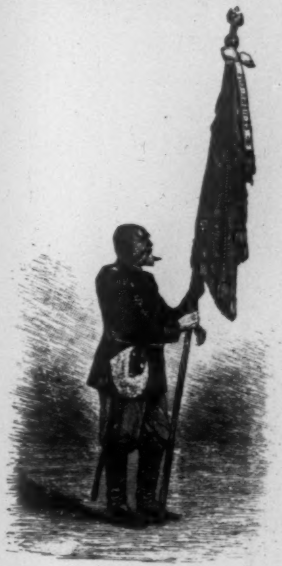
But the journey does come to an end. The team, white with foam and ice, stops at an isolated tavern. It is Samarkand or Tachkent, one of the outlying inns of St. Petersburg, famous for the number of Bohemians who put up at it. The visitors engage an anything but luxurious room—four smoky walls, a few chairs, and table; that is all. Champagne is ordered, and with it appear the Tsiganes—four men, perhaps, and from eight to ten women—who will sing something. The men, with their swarthy faces, eaglelike profiles, and large, deep-set, sad-looking eyes, have all the quiet dignity of their race, and might be dispossessed Asiatic monarchs. One would gladly describe the women as clad in picturesque Oriental costumes, but, alas! truth compels me to add that they wear ragged silks, the cast-off finery of some fashionable dame, bought at a second-hand shop in the Gostiny Dvor.* The olive tint showing through the paint on the cheeks, and the fire of the pupils of the eyes beneath the stained lashes, alone reveal the Hindoo origin of these pariah girls. The leader of the band tunes his guitar and strikes up an accompaniment, at first very slow, but gradually increasing in rapidity, and the women, seated in a semicircle, with bodies and faces motionless, sing together. They, too, begin slowly, and with apparent indifference to the sentiments they are expressing, looking like Sibyls possessed by a god of which they are unconscious. But gradually the voices become more animated and passionate, until with a guttural shake, such as can never be imitated by any other race, the demon seems to overcome the singers; they quicken the rhythm with a kind of furious ardor, abrupt pauses alternating with words and melodies, all breathing the same exaltation, the languors, the despairs, and ardors of a savage passion. In these melodies is concentrated all the madness, all the melancholy, of the spirit of the ancient Aryans.

And this spirit finds an echo in the soul of the Slav. Watch those patrician ladies listening to the daughters of Bohemia, in spite of all the differences of education and social position, they are the true sisters of the Tsiganes. Beneath their apparent disdainful reserve, they vibrate in unison with the same natural passion, and would remain here all night magnetized by these airs of their true native land. The men make no attempt to disguise their delight, and a Russian would spend his last ruble to purchase a pleasure he values above every other. Some monomaniacs come here evening after evening, spending their nights listening to these songs, glued to this table by a tyranny as irresistible as that under which is subject the smoker of opium. Most of the officers of the guard are on a very friendly footing with the Bohemian women. To-night the presence of ladies holds them in check, but when they are alone, champagne flows like water, and the strings of the purses are unloosed. Sometimes a scuffle occurs with merchants, who get tired of waiting for the room, and intrude on the officers and singers. They, too, like to hear the music; they, too, are willing to pay for the pleasure. For all this, however, no doubt must be thrown upon the virtue of the Tsigane women. They are as celebrated for this as for their charms; and even if they themselves were open to temptation, their men would jealously protect them from harm. Many a beautiful Tsigane may end her career by marrying a general, and bringing up his family in the seclusion of the country where her husband commands a district.



NOTRE DAME DE KAZAN.

Though the inns frequented by the Tsiganes are the usual resort of the aristocracy of St. Petersburg, there is yet another excursion often undertaken, and that is to the Pulkowa Observatory, half-way between St. Petersburg and Tsarskoé-Sélo, on a little pine-clad hill, the one prominent height of the low marshy districts surrounding the capital. There lives a little German colony; for the Germans superintend the affairs of heaven in Russia. Nearly all the astronomers of Pulkowa come from the Dorpat University in Cronstadt, and are very jealous of their celestial office. On entering Pulkowa one is transported into another world, and one might fancy one's self in some institution of Göttingen or Jena. Wrapt up in the mysteries of space and time, these modest professors work under the direction of their chief, leading a kind of patriarchal life—an honest German existence, as subject to rule as are the motions of the heavenly bodies. Strangers to the excitements and rumors that trouble the great city, and to the interests and passions of the people about them, the horizon of the great astronomers is bounded by their pine woods, with the huts protecting their household goods and books. They watch no revolutions but those in the firmament of heaven. Their journals are the almanacs of the sun and of the planets; their conversation alternates between the theories of Kepler and the excellent recipes owned by the wife of their chief for smoking geese—quaint combination of simple domestic interests and the great secrets of eternity. It is in the winter that the sphere of the astronomers becomes alike wider and more isolated, during the long nights of sixteen hours, so favorable for the study of the heavens. The recluses of science go up into their glass palace, wrapped in warm furs and with fur caps on their heads, like the astrologers of old. The venerable savants take their pupils to the top of the tower in the vast revolving rotunda turning upon its own axis, which looks like the poop of a vessel, with its mast, its rigging, its polished copper instruments, and its ports, in which the telescopes are pointed. The lamp-light falls on open books, the compass flies to and fro on the maps, the telescope searchingly sweeps the polar sky, calculations affecting centuries of time are made, and the observers add a page to the annals of the heavens. At this solemn hour of silence, raised above the noises and illusions of the earth, these men are true masters of the universe; they can foresee its destinies; they know whence it comes, whither it is going, and what it weighs. Grave of mien, and proud of their responsibility, as are their brothers on the ocean in the watches of the night, they keep guard for the whole human race, and mark the course of our planet in unknown space amongst the formidable fleet of which she is a part. When some benighted traveller passes perchance through the solitudes about Pulkowa, and sees the lights of the observatory gleaming through the darkness, and its dome revolving in the night sky, he wonders if it be not some fantastic vessel lost in the sea of snow; or, perhaps, if he be of a religious turn of mind, the wanderer may think he sees a party of worshippers assembled in their oratory to perform their orisons, and chant by night the praises of their God and Saviour.



THE STANDARD OF THE EMPIRE.*

The solitudes are, however, liable to frequent invasion; for if an eclipse or other phenomenon is announced, the ladies of St. Petersburg make up a party to go to Pulkowa. They come from court, and take care to have with them some official of rank. The Imperial Observatory will not be able to refuse to humor their fancy, and troïkas bring crowds of noisy visitors, who take possession of the telescopes, and appropriate to themselves the corner of the sky where anything is going on. They have all the mysterious machines explained to them; they turn over the albums full of lunar photographs, and ply the old sorcerers with eager questions. The evening is wound up by supping off the ham and sauer-kraut provided by the wife of the chief astronomer, and in listening to young German ladies playing on the piano one of Schumann's sonatas.

Another day troïkas are ordered early in the morning for a longer expedition to visit the forts of Cronstadt on the other side of the causeway of ice connecting that island with St. Petersburg. These forts are some twenty-five versts off, and it takes two hours to gallop to them across the frozen sea. The only things to break the monotony of the view are a few black patches, the outlines of the forests bordering the gulf. Posts mark the road on this deceptive plain, and here and there are houses of refuge, the bells of which are rung during snow-storms, reminding us that this desert too has its dangerous sirocco. Here and there the mast of some vessel stands out against the sky, a prize caught in the ice. Some have their sails spread out to dry, presenting a very quaint appearance in their arrested motion. It is, however, coming back, when night is falling, that the horror of the landscape becomes most marked. At one moment of the twilight it is impossible to distinguish where the horizon ends and the sky or earth begins. One is imprisoned in a vast milky-white crystal, and when one looks fixedly at the horses they seem to be suspended in the ether like those of chariots painted on ceilings. To enable the eye to regain some sense of reality one must look at something living—a flight of crows, the sledge of some unlucky mujik struggling along in the dreary waste, or one of the ice-held vessels, which, though immovable in the morning, now seems in the transparency of the twilight to be moving backwards. Words cannot describe the awful gloom of this polar region—darkness, horror, and cold are tangible realities. A nightmare of memories of catastrophes on the road weighs down one's spirit. Yet the true Russian revels in a wild rush through the desolate tracts. He feels all but disembodied, and seems to be flying about in a living dream. "Troïka," says Gogol, in a celebrated address to dead souls, "birdlike troïka, who invented thee? Thou couldst not have arisen anywhere but amongst a bold people. But art not thou thyself, O Russia, the brave troïka, whom none can excel?

* The bazar of St. Petersburg.

* Prince Menschikoff. Engraved by Barbant, after a study painted by George Becker.